

HAPPY MEAL

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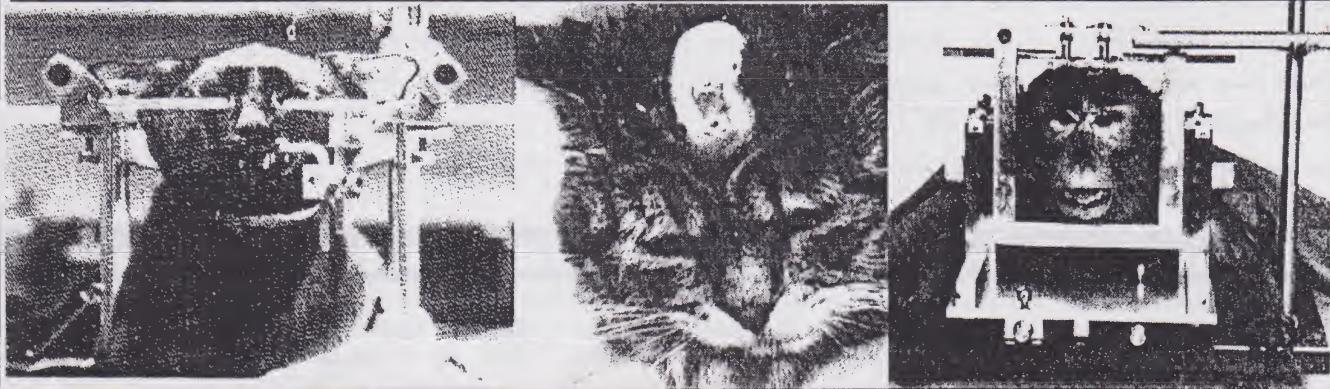
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ISSUE TWO • FALL 1994

We're BAAA-AACK...

Hiya! Better late than never, I say. Welcome to the fall issue of HAPPY MEAL, ready just in time for winter! This issue was supposed to come out in early October and here we are, mailing the first ones in late November. Sorry about that. The stuff on Thanksgiving is still relevant, though, even if you're reading this after Turkey Day: it applies just as well to Christmas and the like.

I really have to say how awesome it's been getting mail from so many rad people from all over the place. We've gotten copies of issue #1 out to places as far out there as South Africa! It's really a warm fuzzy feeling to have letters from so many different people who are vegetarian or vegan, or interested in eating a little nicer. Thanks to all of you.

So on to #2... you'll notice that it may be a little lamer, and I'm sorry about that, but Katie's been really busy now that she's back in school. That's why this ish is so much more me than her. I really think that the reason #1 clicked so well was that it was me and Katie *together*, but for now, this is the best we can squeeze out. Hopefully she'll have a little more time to put towards #3, which we want to get out in January/February.

That's all I have to say, I guess. Buckle up and hang on tight... 

OK, OK

so I fucked up and hardly wrote anything.
And the stuff about Thanksgiving will be
way out of date by the time you read this.

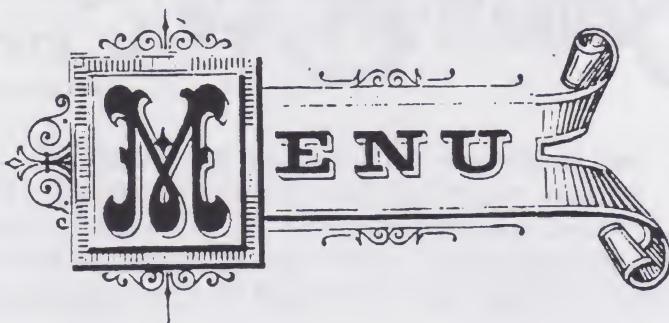
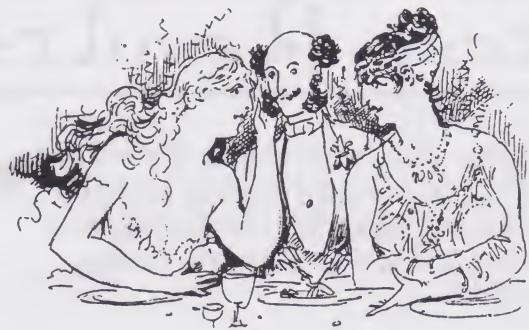
Sorry about that. I wish he would stop saying when the next issue's going to be out.

As Jack said, we got cool letters. People asked us how we put this out so cheap. The answer is: we're lowlife thieves. Somebody else wrote and told me about when her friend shaved her head. Some preps picked on her at the mall, so she told them she had cancer. She made them cry. That's so fucking cool! Why didn't I think of that? Actually, lots of people had friends with weird hair stories, like, lupus, and vitamin deficiencies. So I'm not alone, that's a good feeling. Jack's boss told us he thought the language detracted from the literary value, so the next sentence is for him. The fuck fuckin fuck, and fuckety fuck fuck fuck. And hey, James Ragsdale, did we fuck up your name when we sent you your zine? I'm sorry, I guess we must have gotten you switched with someone. We suck.

So enjoy issue 2, and as for issue 3, well, we'll see. 

Shouts Out To These Excellent People:

An-Bhean Sidhe • Dave Palaitis • Baby J • TRIPWIRE • Jack's Dad for distro and being a slavering fan • INNER BITCH • Leor • David Dellinger & Elizabeth Peterson • Mimmo/Blabbering Idiot • Nick MARKET, Brendan, and Skinny the Plymouth Posse! • Jocelyn STIFLED • Randall SHUTDOWN • The Vegan-Listers • The SxEx-Listers • Eric T, who sent us the back cover graphic • TEMPERANCE • Elsie & Lil, who make it all possible • the Ragsdales/COVERPOOLS • Eulalie • Dan H • Dana • Melissa N • X BURN IT CLEAN X • Everyone else who wrote to us • Everyone who sent us stickers • Everyone who chowed down on issue 1, and especially those of you who are coming back for seconds. There's too many of you to name one by one, but you know who you are, and we really appreciate your support. Sorry if we forgot anyone... Cheers, all...



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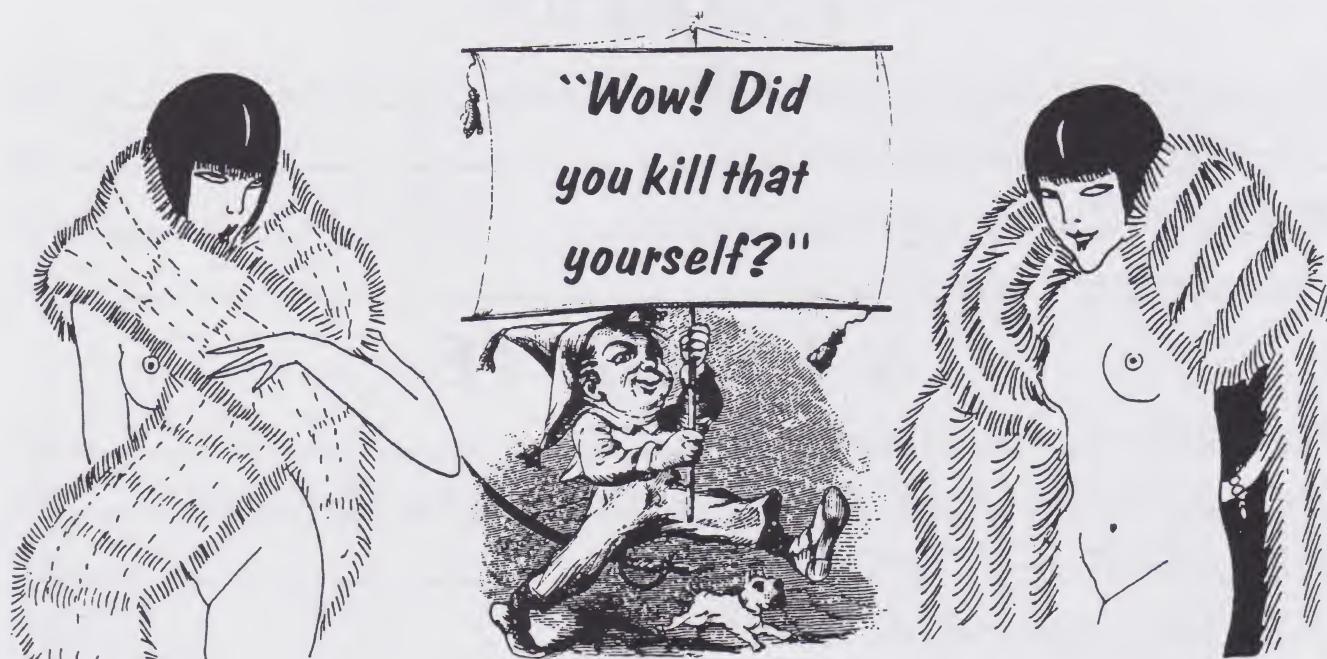
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Last issue we told you of our inability to voice our objections directly to people wearing fur; we just stand livid in tongue-tied fuming silence. We called for you to send in your own clever barbs that we could borrow when we are faced with the barrage of fur coats that we'll be sure to see around Copley and Harvard in the coming months.

Guess what? Turns out you guys are just about as speechless as we are! Many of you said that you experience the exact same kind of paralyzing rage, and wind up saying nothing at all to the perpetrator, leaving him/her (probably her) in a state of either blissful ignorance or sheer unadulterated, unsullied apathy. Ah well. We did get a response from one soul whose line was exactly what we were looking for- quick, concise, disapproving, not *entirely* objectionable (or worth calling the cops about), and funny as hell.

The contest winner is **Leor Jacobi**, of the *East Bay Vegan News*, who says:



Thank you, thank you, you've been a wonderful crowd. Anybody here from out of town? Anyway, for his prizewinning entry, Leor gets the Kiss My Face "CRUELTY-FREE" three-color puppy t-shirt and a free copy of this here issue. (Ooooooh. Aaaaaaaah.) Thanks, Leor, for being the voice of legions of timid anti-fur folks like ourselves who can now voice their disgust to the fur-clad fashion-plates this winter. Or at the very least, we can *think* about saying something good next time. ☺



Letter to John Robbins, Author of *Diet for a New America*, And His Reply

Okay, those of you who read issue #1 will no doubt remember Katie's extended rant about the *American Vegan Society* and especially about a particularly reprehensible and outrageous article they published in their magazine, *AHIMSA*. One of our primary objections to said article was that, aside from being misogynistic, illogical, and just plain wrong, it was also pathetically homophobic. Recently Katie read *Diet for a New America*, the famous pro-vegan book by John Robbins, and was disturbed to find a few passages that could be construed to be homophobic as well, so she zapped off a letter to Mr. Robbins asking him to explain his stance on the matter. Is there some kind of link between veganism and homophobia? It sure would explain the hardliners, but it would be too depressing to consider. Luckily, John Robbins calmed our fears. We think he's awesome for writing back (he did it quickly, too) and a brilliant man—after all, he acknowledges that Katie is 100% right. Can't beat that. If you haven't read the book, do so, and maybe drop Mr. Robbins a line. xox

Mr. John Robbins
c/o Stillpoint Publishing
Box 640
Walpole, NH 03608

Dear Mr. Robbins:

As a vegan and believer in animal rights, I am very impressed by your book *Diet for a New America*. However, I find a couple of statements in it disturbing, and not just because everything about meat-eating is disturbing.

For example, on page 328 you say that "while it is homosexuals and drug users who are especially at risk, [AIDS] is unfortunately spreading rapidly into other segments of the populations. (sic)" As you may have guessed, it's that word *unfortunately* that bothers me. To me, the statement smacks of the attitude, held by far too many Americans, that AIDS wasn't a big problem when only "perverts and junkies" got it, but now that "normal, decent folks" are coming down with it, it's a tragedy. It is imprecise, too, in a way that speaks to our negative stereotypes. It is inaccurate to cast all homosexuals and all drug users as being especially at risk; a more accurate statement would be that homosexual and bisexual men and drug injectors have a higher incidence of AIDS. Also, simply being homosexual does not put a man in greater danger; it is his activity, and not his feelings, that can make him contract AIDS.

Another disturbing passage appears on page 311, where you say that "both adults and children in our society are experiencing a plethora of behavior disorders connected to uncertain and confused sexual identities. The evidence that these arise at least in part from hormonal imbalances is mounting steadily." Because you neither offer examples of these behavior disorders nor cite any studies, I am not sure what you mean by this. (You mention sexual abuse of children, but your language suggests that you do not regard it as an example of a behavior disorder, but as an additional problem: "We are *also* seeing a startling increase in sexual abuse of children...") Now, usually, when people talk about "sexual identities," they are talking about homo-, hetero-, and bisexuality. Therefore, I suppose that you mean simply that there are many gay adults and kids out there who become depressed (or otherwise troubled) over their socially unacceptable sexuality, and their depression manifests itself in behavioral problems. (Another interpretation, which I certainly hope is wrong, is that you consider homosexual activity *itself* a behavior disorder.) You go on to connect "confused sexual identities" with "hormonal imbalance." I infer that you believe that hormonal imbalances cause other-than-straight sexual orientations. In turn, the eating of animal products is supposed to cause hormonal imbalances; your discussion of the tragically premature sexual development of Puerto Rican

Happy Meal

girls and gynecomastia in Puerto Rican boys makes this clear. Therefore, you seem to be saying, meat-eating and milk-drinking cause homosexuality and bisexuality, and behavioral problems associated with them. That would be news to k.d. lang, and to me as well. I gave up meat two years ago and other animal products one year ago, so my hormone levels ought to be where they belong by now, and I am happy to say that I am still bisexual. Besides, if gay and bisexual people's hormone levels are indeed different from straight people's (and you do not show evidence that they are, but merely suggest that evidence exists), why should we say that the former have an imbalance and therefore a problem? Now, perhaps I have completely misconstrued this passage. But since you give no examples, or even the title of a study, I have no way of knowing what else you could have intended to say. I should also point out that if I

have understood you correctly, and if these are your beliefs about homosexuality, you do, of course, have a right to them. The fact that I find them objectionable does not prove that they are false. However, injecting your personal beliefs with no factual support mars a work that is otherwise powerfully supported both by scientific research and by examples.

Diet for a New America challenges beliefs we have all held since childhood. It implicates large and powerful organizations in the decline of the health of individuals and of the planet. It is a truly radical work, and one that I greatly admire. I hope you can take the time to write back and clarify the passages I have mentioned. I would appreciate it very much.

Sincerely,

K

(Here was the man's reply:)

Dear Katherine,

Thank you for your fascinating letter. When I was writing *Diet for a New America* in 1984-6, I did not pay as much attention as I should have to the way I wrote certain passages—including the ones you have objected to. My use of the word "unfortunately," on page 328, was, well, unfortunate. I am sorry I wrote it that way.

I am particularly sorry that I might have given the impression that homosexual activity is in any way less legitimate or sacred than any other kind. Please forgive me, and know that I hold all forms of loving sexual expression between consenting adults to be worthy of the utmost respect.

You are right that when people talk about sexual identities, they are often talking about homo-, hetero-, and bisexuality. When I wrote about "confused sexual identities" I may have inadvertently played into homophobia, and I regret that very much.

I was learning a great deal about many subjects while I was writing the book. It was very hard and challenging work, and stretched me to the maximum. I'm sorry that in the process I was insensitive to such an important issue.

Thanks for pointing this out to me in such a gentle way that I could see it without getting defensive.

John Robbins



Croque Madame

Okay, this is a take-off on a "Croque Monsieur," which, if I remember my high-school French classes correctly, is basically a grilled ham and cheese sandwich where the ham is all chopped up and mixed with the cheese. ("Croque Monsieur" roughly translated means "Chopped-Up Dead Guy," I think. Pretty awesome.) This sendup is a sort of French toast topped with mushroom fondue kinda deal. This is from *The Uncheese Cookbook*, which Katie reviews elsewhere in this issue.

First, you need 1/2 a recipe of **Mushroom Fondue**. Here's the full recipe which makes three cups:

- 2 tbs water with 1 tsp lemon juice
- 1 lb. mushrooms, chopped
- 3 cloves garlic, chopped
- Another 2 1/2 cups water
- 1/3 cup quick-cooking rolled oats
- Dashes of parsley flakes, marjoram, thyme, dill, turmeric, and paprika
- 3 1/2 tbs nutritional yeast flakes
- 4 tbs tahini
- 4 tbs arrowroot or cornstarch
- 1 1/2 tbs onion granules
- Several drops of Tabasco sauce

Heat the water and lemon juice mixture in a large saucepan, then add the mushrooms and garlic and braise them over medium heat for about 10 minutes. Throw all the other stuff into a blender and process until smooth. Add the cooked mushroom and the liquid they were cooked in to the blender and purée. (You may need to process only half of the mixture at a time, 'cause it's a lot.)

Pour the gunk back into the saucepan and bring it to a boil, stirring constantly. Reduce the heat to low, and cook until thickened and smooth, again stirring constantly. Transfer everything to a fondue pot and keep warm over a very low flame. Course, if you're just making half a recipe of this for the Croque Madames, you can settle for covering the saucepan and setting it to one side to be reheated if necessary.

Okay, ready for the **French Toast** part:

- 1 cup soy milk or rice milk
- 2 tbs unbleached flour
- 1 tbs nutritional yeast flakes
- 1 tsp maple syrup (optional)
- 1/2 tsp salt
- 6 slices whole grain bread
- cayenne pepper or paprika

Blend together the milk, flour, nutritional yeast, maple syrup, and salt, or you can beat it (huh huh, I said "beat it") with a wire whisk until it's all smooth. Pour the batter into a big wide bowl. Dip the bread slices into the mixture, one at a time as needed, turning several times until saturated.

Brown both sides of each slice well in a lightly-oiled skillet over medium heat, turning them once. Keep the cooked slices warm while the other slices cook by placing them on a lightly-oiled baking sheet in a 250° oven.

Top each piece of French toast with 1/4 cup of the hot Mushroom Fondue. Sprinkle a few grains of cayenne pepper or paprika over the top to garnish. How elegant! x : x



JINX:



THE STORY OF AN ONGOING HARDCORE MISFORTUNE

I'm cursed, I swear. There is no rational explanation for why this keeps happening to me, and so I have taken refuge in the comfort of the ridiculous. Somebody (likely a stooge sorcerer hired by a vindictive USDA) has apparently put a hex on me; I am apparently doomed never to attend a hardcore show again.

Here's the scoop; many of you have read issue #1 of this rag. What you probably don't know is that we placed a deadline on ourselves to get it out in time for summer. (We didn't want people reading about our favorite frozen desserts in November, for example.) The effective drop-dead date was July 2nd. The reason for this was the DAYSPRING interview, which also contained tour dates for July and the beginning of August—very dated material. July 2nd was a perfect day by which to have HAPPY MEAL #1 done and ready to distribute. Why, you ask? Well, because DAYSPRING themselves were playing a show in Worcester, Massachusetts on that very day, only an hour from Katie's and my Love Nest.

So the plan was thus: we would work like hell to get issue #1 finished and ready by Friday night, and then we would drive to the DAYSPRING show and hook up with Cen, give him his copy, talk with him for a while, and in between sets, we would walk around and peddle HAPPY MEAL #1—sure to be popular, since it featured an interview with DAYSPRING, the band of the hour.

It was a rough schedule. A lot of you probably know what it's like to try to get a zine done while working a full-time job. I would come home at 7PM, eat some food, and sit in front of the computer for the rest of the night, entering, editing, formatting, writing... and then I would get a few hours of sleep and get up and go to work again. You know the drill. But it was worth it, it felt good to be working on something to completion. And despite photos that didn't come out and having to duck the bosses when printing master pages at work, we managed to get fifty issues copied, collated, folded, stapled, and stickered by 1AM Saturday morning. We went to bed happy and content.

Saturday we set out for the Cambridge YMCA (the show was moved from Worcester), me with a shoulder bag loaded down with a camera, a tape recorder, and a lot of zines. Imagine our surprise when there is no sound emanating from the building, there are no cars parked around it, and no kids to be seen. Imagine our further surprise when the guys behind the counter inside tell us that the first they had heard about any god-darned rock and roll concert was when them sixty kids in big pants showed up half and hour ago, all wavin' flyers. These guys, perplexed, had called the Cambridge Y, the Boston Y, the YWCA... Nobody knew ANYTHING about a hardcore show.

We met up with Jim Moocow, who was equally confused, and called the White Eagle in Worcester, where the show was going to be until a few days ago. No show there either. Finally, we hitched with Jim to Harvard Square to go to the TAANG! store, where flyers are always posted. We get there, and the flyers are still there, we weren't dreaming. There's a bunch of kids in big pants, also trying to figure out what's going on. The number on the flyer is for Katherine. I call her from a pay phone. Her dad answers. I ask what's up, he says she's not home but he thought the show was cancelled. I tell him that there are flyers all over the place, nothing that indicates it's cancelled, AND according to the Y, there was never a show booked in the first place. He's exasperated, says he'll try to call around and get a hold of Katherine and tells me to call back in ten minutes.

Katie and I and three random hardcore kids are sitting at an outdoor table at SkipJack's restaurant, just killing ten minutes so I can call back. We are kicked out in two minutes, and move to a ledge ten feet a way. THERE ARE NO CUSTOMERS AT SKIPJACK'S, but we still can't sit at one of their picnic tables.

Ten minutes later, I call back. Her dad answers, says he can't get a hold of her, takes my home number and says he'll have her call me, but right now he's got another kid on the other line complaining. I feel bad for the guy.

Katie and I sell two zines to the three kids (who figure if they can't see DAYSPRING, at least they can pay a buck for an interview), go to TAANG!!, hang a poster that says the show is apparently cancelled, sell five zines to the store, and then bum around Harvard Square and head home. End of that story.

I qualified as pissed off, albeit in a relaxed kinda way. We spent a lot of time and effort to get this zine done for this show, so we could give a copy to Cen as he requested. I even made him No-Egg Salad sandwiches, which were rotting in my bag by the time I got home. Having a show get cancelled is bad, but not telling anyone about it is inexcusable. Who can't at least run to Kinko's and have a bunch of flyers printed and plaster them at the local hot spots? I'm sure Katherine tried, but I'm still riding a bummer.

Since then, I have planned on attending five shows. Of those, four were cancelled, and one apparently went on as planned—except that I was stuck in Chicago zapping brain tumors in a South Side hospital. By a strange coincidence, DAYSPRING was playing in Chicago the Sunday I arrived there, but I had no idea where.

The curse is still in effect. Read *The Worst Show of the Summer*, elsewhere in this issue, for the latest taste... X-X



I was stumbling around the net doing lots of nothing in particular when I happened across Dave of the band LIFETIME. He was nice enough to chat with me about all manner of subjects ranging from food to touring to the new 7" to straight-edge to the great drummer controversy of 1994. Here's what he had to say...

LIFETIME

First things first. Which Dave are you?

i'm the dave who plays the bass.

There are two Daves in the band, according to the liner notes I've seen, and actually I don't even know what the other Dave does in LIFETIME. Who does what now?

there used to be another dave who played the drums but as of yesterday he's officially out of the band. he decided to leave the tour two days before the end, forcing us to cancel two shows. dan and pete got really pissed off at that and dan says, "if you leave now you don't think about coming back," and dave says, "fuck you." i can understand why dave wanted to leave: he toured with endpoint for two months and hated it, he didn't have any money except for the \$5 a day we got, he was sick both mentally and physically. i don't know, we didn't really get along much, but i kind of took his side for a while. i figured he just couldn't take it anymore. it happens, black flag did it all the time. earth crisis keeps on doing it. it sucks for the kids who put on the shows to hear "oh lifetime cancelled so your show's gone," but if it's a show done by a promoter in a club with a stage then i don't feel as bad. anyway, i tried to rationalize things until dave lied to me and then when we dropped him off in philadelphia he didn't say anything and no-one heard from him until yesterday when he calls up dan and says "i don't have any feelings for the people in the band or the music, but i was wondering if i'm still in." i guess dan got upset 'cause ari said he was

doing some real strange relaxation breathing and some other nervous yawns. maybe dan just gave up and said goodbye to him, and now we are looking for a drummer. i sort of hope this one guy does it 'cause he seems really fast and stylish and is also a nice guy, but i don't want to say who he is 'cause maybe he won't do it and i'll look stupid. but if he does we'll be ready to play shows by november.

yikes. I hear your ex-drummer is joining Endpoint! Any idea what's up with that?

endpoint? So far i've heard that dave is joining a misfits cover band, is moving to louisville to play with guilt, is moving to louisville to play with endpoint, got a raise to \$11.50 an hour so is staying in philadelphia, and other stories, too. i don't think he'll move but what do i know, i don't see him anymore. being in a band is really like being married, you really have to consider the band in most of your decisions and it's sometimes difficult to deal with. dave w. was (is) an incredible drummer and a lot of people say to me, "you should have kept dave, he made the band" or something like that. i really don't think that's fair to say. we are not a rock and roll band and we don't want to get big and have tons of record buying fans. we want to have fun and love and live with hardcore. if music and money were our motivators, then yes, losing dave would have been a mistake. but that's not why i do it. being in the band with dave was not easy and i guess things aren't

supposed to be, but it seems like now we can all relax around each other and begin to work as a band.

who in LIFETIME has been with the band from the beginning four years ago? I know you've had lineup changes.

ari and dan started the band with some other friends in 1990. since then a pretty collection of people have been in lifetime.

·ari dancr is pscott dave rosenberg
 ·ari dan justin scott dave rosenberg
 ·ari dan justin scott dave wagon shootz
 ·ari dan linda peter dave wagon shootz
 ·ari dan mepeter dave wagon shootz

How has the musician-shuffle influenced LIFETIME's music?

i think justin really did a lot for lifetime because when i used to see them before he was in the band i just thought they were the worst. that was around the first 7" and every song had a mosh part in it at the end and all the lifetime crew would mosh so hard and i thought it was a joke. justin's bass style had a lot to do with why background is the best and the first 7" is not the best. so there's a big shout out to him. peter martin also changed the band a lot as far as i can tell because his guitar sound is so heavy and he writes with very complicated and full sounding chords. he wrote isae aldae on the new 7" and theres just so much going on there it's crazy but it seems so simple, that's how you know he's really good. so there's my shout out to pete. ari and dan are of course the backbone of lifetime 'cause they both are very original and i don't know anyone that plays or sings like them. i just try to write interesting bass parts and so many times i find myself thinking that i can't play at all. i guess i got lucky a few times on the new 7"; i like ampersand and the bass parts in ferret. i try to keep it simple with just chords ringing around rosies,

but i don't really know what i'm doing. i got a little better on tour but i'm really a guitar player and i never knew how hard the bass was until i joined lifetime.

And now for STALE QUESTION #1. Sorry, but this is basically a vegan zine, after all... Are you vegetarian, or vegan?

i'm a vegetarian who keeps fucking up somehow. i can't even stand meat or eggs, but somehow when it's hidden in food i rationalize it and i wind up eating it anyway, especially when it's from a dumpster or free. i don't know why i'm like this. i guess i became

vegetarian because of straight-edge and i really never thought about being vegan because it really came into straight-edge and i didn't read enough to find out on my own. i can see how it makes sense but somehow i just fuck up. when i do it, it will have to be for life. wait, that's when or if i do it it should be for life, so i don't want to get into something i'm not really into.

well it's got to be rough trying to find vegetarian food on the road. I personally avoid travel if i can help it because I know

I'm going to starve and be miserable.
 what did you eat on tour?

on tour the #1 question we got was "hey do you guys like pasta?" it's real cheap and no meat, so that's what most everyone gave us. some exceptions were the macondo in l.a. where they had the most amazing food ever and the topless go-go bar in tampa where the 6'4" muscle-man made home-made mashed potatoes. "those fuckin' potatoes took me goddamn two hours to make and these fuckin' kids aren't gonna eat them 'cause i put a little fuckin' butter in there."

You say you can't stand meat or eggs.
 Does that mean there aren't animal-based





foods you miss? Do you eat, for example, soy-based "bacon" and the like, or are you grossed-out enough by meat that even the taste-alikes make you hurl?

i meant that i'm basically vegan but i eat things with dairy ingredients if they are free. i guess you misunderstood me. i eat those green-giant southwestern veggie burgers and the sausage style ones too but i don't really think they taste like meat-city, they are just kind of different and all right. i guess i had a baco-bits and mustard sandwich the other day but it's really not like eating meat if you know that it's not. that doesn't make sense.

So we know you're essentially vegan in a weird sort of way, that's cool. Are any of the other members of LIFETIME vegan or vegetarian? If they are, many of our readers would likely be interested.

dan and ari are both vegan. i'm sorry, it just seems almost pointless. i don't understand how it could matter to someone else or anyone else except for dan and ari. maybe it really does, i don't know. diet as a trend is dangerous. but then again if a person tried out for lifetime and they ate meat and smoked, well that would influence my opinion, so i do care what other people do. it's complicated i guess. oh, peter martin is vegetarian.

Let's move right on to STALE QUESTION #2. Feel free to give a rote, recited-by-heart-because-you've-answered-this-so-many-fucking-times answer as I ask: (Thundering Voice:) ARE YOU STRAIGHT-EDGE? IS THE BAND STRAIGHT-EDGE?

straight edge? me and ari are straight-edgers, dan is a vegan who drinks beer, and peter doesn't like to be labeled as anything. dan was never straight edge, so please no rumors about how lifetime fell off the X. lifetime as a band isn't a straight edge band. i would hope the new drummer would be straight edge. sounds shallow, but i think it matters.

I always thought Lifetime was SxEx because you guys had a track ("UP") on the "It's For Life" comp on Consequence. That was such a SxEx comp: Mouthpiece, Reveal, Mean Season, Flagman (well okay they DID fall off the X)... Some people are gonna think you just pose as a SxEx band to sell records.
Comments?

i always thought lifetime was a straight-edge band before i was in the band. i thought lifetime kind of meant like "true till death," you know, it's for life, lifetime, the whole deal. and when i got in the band and found out dan was never straight-edge i was really surprised. i don't pose as anything 'cause i'm straight as fuck and ari is straight as they come. i don't believe in the idea

The Other Side of the Drummer Cain, by Sean
 okay kids, its sorta distressing to hear all of this bullshit about dave, who used to drum for lifetime. he is pretty upset too so i am going to relate the story straight from his mouth in order to get things straight. number one, dave did not get kicked out of lifetime. he left on his own accord, stemming basically from a disagreement on tour. dave had been touring for 3 months straight with endpoint and then with lifetime and was in the hospital 3 times due to sickness and cuts and etc. he didn't want to play the last 2 dates on the lifetime tour so he asked them to drop him home. someone in the band said "well hey if you walk now you walk for good," dave left it at that and went home for much needed rest and relaxation and to see his girlfriend whom he missed very much. end of story? no. dave let things go for a lil, hoping things would just fly over and be cool again but he recently found out that they are looking for a new drummer, which he is pretty bummed about. he was really into lifetime and they were planning to record a new record for jade tree. but now it seems that this might be the end of dave playing drums for them, a mutual decision if anything. dave doesn't want to beg and grovel for something he feels was a must. and to them finding a replacement would be near impossible i think. so its a standoff if anything. dave is looking to start a new hardcore band in the future and wants to play again. as for him hooking up with endpoint any time soon, that's also a falsity. he played with them the entire summer as a favor since they couldn't find anyone else to tour with them. endpoint will be playing their last show sometime in december in louisville so plan the roadtrips now. thanks for letting things clear up. sean patrick mccabe.



of a straight-edge band, really; it's personal and that's old but true. i don't much care about selling records.

Alright, enough of that. You just came off tour and I guess it was a little crazy what with the drummer and all. Glad to be off the road?

if it wasn't for the drummer i would have had the best time in the world. i would just get so mad and insulted by the things he did and i know he would just do them because he knew it insulted us. he was being mean and i hope he wasn't being himself but it still hurt. one night at the waffle house he was fucking with me and i couldn't take it so i picked up a fork and said i was the fork ninja and i would cut him right open. i always try to joke when i'm really mad 'cause i hate being angry, but he took me so seriously and said, "come on, try it!" and so i threw the fork across the room and just sat back down. john from grip was there and he must have thought we were a bunch of dorks who hate each other, but i'm sure he's been there before. he was super nice to us and offered his hometown for us to relax in. we met so many nice people especially XjoanX, the soylent green guy, kiara mcfarland and her clownfriend, mig, eric element, drew and the crew in s.c. i don't want to make a list because it would surely be incomplete, but if you know those people you should know that they are beautiful. without the guys in snapcase i couldn't have made it. they are a great band and they are brilliant guys. they are so heavy live it's crazy. they made us look so wimpy it was crazy. i'm not glad to be off the road, i'm just glad to be away from lifetime for a little while.

I'm a little confused over the recent releases. I know there was a TINNITUS 7". Instead of that, I found a CD called SEVENINCHES which would appear to be TINNITUS and the first 7" together. Is this right?

seveninches is just that, both lifetimes plus a comp song that was recorded during the tinnitus session. We didn't want to do a cd single, so the first 7" was remixed and an extra old song was included. it is heavier because it was remixed by some guy who did the helmet record named bubba.

It's on some label called GLÜE, which I have not heard of, but I don't get out much. What's up with that, is GLÜE new?

seveninches is out on ari's label called glüe.

why not New Age, like the BACKGROUND LP?

it sucks to say, but with new age the record would still not be out and it would be sitting somewhere, who knows where. so many kids come up to me and are like, "i ordered this and that from mike and he never sent it." i guess we just wanted to get it out quickly and make sure people got what they ordered. revelation distributes it along with victory and very so we really sell it as fast as it is pressed. i'm sure it will level out soon, but for now it's like rock and roll around the glue offices. we have no official plans for the future, at least i don't think they are official. we are looking at jade tree and they are looking at us, so that could happen. mike





hasn't really said much about it, at least as far as i know. i like his label and he was so nice when i met him. who knows if he even likes us anymore as a band. with glüe we can relax and do it ourselves. we would stay with glüe if ari would just put out an ad or something. not one ad in any zine for the new 7". who even knows it exists? he pisses me off, thinks it's a joke, "ha, ads; who needs them." i guess i don't but seems like it couldn't hurt. maybe it's time to move on and do something new with jade tree. we wouldn't be grouped in with any style of band. maybe we wouldn't no matter where we went, who knows? if we did a record on victory we would get new fans just because it's on victory, and the same with revelation. that would be all right, but with jade tree it's more like, who knows what that label sounds like? it's just a solid label with really good distribution.

I hear you skate. what kind of tricks are you working on?

i was skating everyday about a month ago, now i slowed down again. i just suck so bad it's depressing. i finally got good kickflips over and down stuff and backside 180 flips, and i guess easy tricks but a little more consistent.

Hey, here's something I've been meaning to ask you. On the back of the BACKGROUND CD there is a small pink triangle with the SILENCE=DEATH slogan emblazoned underneath. whose idea was that?

that was ari's idea. i wasn't even in the band but i asked him about it just like you are now.

I ask because it's such an unusual thing to see in hardcore... the only acknowledgments of homosexuality I ever see are moron hardline zines saying fags should all die, and some other zines saying that hardline has its head up its ass about that. To me both sides are kind of irrelevant because you just don't SEE a visible gay/bi

presence in the hardcore scene, at least not out here.

i remember the review for background in maximum was, like, "not just an ordinary band- there's a girl in the band and i hear someone's gay." as if it would be such a surprise if there was a gay guy in a hardcore band- as if it would matter at all. no one in the band is homosexual. i almost kissed a guy this summer but i chickened out because it would just be so easy for me to say, "oh i'm bisexual now." that's a joke, i never had to struggle, never had to pretend to like girls in middle school, never got kicked out of my house for telling my parents, never got beat up, never harassed or not hired, never had to hide anything. what a kick in the

ass to any real bisexual if i just all of a sudden figured i could be with anyone i want. i think being bisexual might be a little trendy and that's fucked. i think ari might agree with me on this. at least he sort of said something similar once, but he's the home in the band.



But not being bi just because it would be too

easy, that's a little messed up isn't it? I would find that as alien as trying to be straight if I were gay. Shouldn't you just feel what you feel? I doubt any long-standing bisexuals out there are going to get pissed if you decide you could love a person of either gender.

it's not very pc to be a white hetero male and sexuality is the only thing you can change. i'm sure if it were possible to change into a minority there would be a lot more soul men in hardcore. i'm just confused but i think i'm supposed to be. i'm only 22. -E

That's all we had time for, folks. Hope you found it informative. Dave recently told me that ~~LTFETJME~~ has a new drummer and should start playing shows right after Thanksgiving, so watch for them, and pick up "Tinnitus" to tide you over till then. Peace and love... x-x



Product Watch

Obie's Cookie Jar™ Cookie Mixes

This issue we're going to tell you about a real find. Obie's cookie mixes come in four flavors, each sold in an oversized canister with a plastic lid. Once you make the cookies, whatever you don't eat, you can then put in the canister to keep them fresh for later. These mixes are (or rather, *were*—we'll cover that a little later) completely vegan, and all you need to do is dump the mix in a bowl, add a little water, stir until you've got cookie dough, and then drop spoonfuls onto a baking sheet and throw 'em in the oven. In about ten minutes, voilà! Warm, chewy cookies. Eat what you can and save the rest for later.

Best of all, we found them not only in the co-op where we normally shop, but they are also carried in Star Market (the Boston-area mega-supermarket chain), so they are probably relatively accessible to vegans all over the U.S.A. If you can't find them, write to Obie's at the address at the bottom of the page.

Double Chocolate Fudge—Mmmm, boy. The first flavor we tried was a big winner. Rich and fudgy, and the chocolate chips they use are Tropical Source brand, the kind that uses tofu to simulate milk chocolate! I've actually made this flavor twice now, and I accidentally burnt a couple around the edges... this changes the flavor *drastically*, so avoid this at all costs. Two big thumbs up.

Chewy Oatmeal Raisin—Not bad, but definitely not as good as the fudge. Raisins in dry mixes, cereals, etc. are always all dried up and hard, so that made a little difference. The texture of the cookies was great right out of the oven—all puffy and soft—but once they cooled they felt a little spongy and strange; maybe the oatmeal was too homogenized or something. I like big flakes of oats in my oatmeal cookies.

French Vanilla with Almonds—Amazing! When Katie made these, she actually made Snickerdoodles by rolling the balls of cookie dough in cinnamon and sugar before putting them on the cookie sheet. We ate 'em until we got sick. They were still great the next day, when we had them for breakfast. Great with coffee. These come *highly* recommended.

Classic Chocolate Chip—We went to buy some today, and there was a little sticker over the ingredients list, adding "egg whites." The last time I bought Obie's at the co-op, the cool checkout chyck with the piercings and the pink hair warned me that the new mixes were going to have egg in them. Looks like the change is happening now. Hopefully this is the *only* flavor that's being affected, but we don't know.

So now that we've found an instant vegan cookie mix, we urge you to help us *keep* it an option. Please write to Obie's Cookie Jar and let them know how happy you are that there is a non-egg, non-dairy cookie mix that you can have, and ask them to refrain from adding egg whites to their recipes. If enough people write in, maybe we can hang onto these mixes, and maybe even some *other* companies will hear about it and follow suit, veganizing their own recipes. You never know. We think cookies are worth fighting for. 

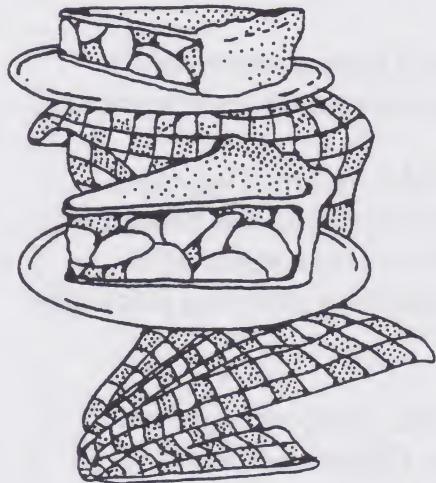
Obie's Cookie Jar / SkyRocket Foods, Inc. • Box 11582 • Bainbridge Is., WA 98110



Holidays with the Folks

If you're the only vegan in your family (which I bet a lot of you are), Thanksgiving is just a big pain in the ass. Now, some of you might be able to escape and potluck with your friends. Some of you might be ambitious enough to take on all the cooking and create a feast for everyone from the harvest of the earth's bounty. Some of you might be OK with compromising just this once and putting up with the milk in the mashies and the butter on the broccoli. Some of you can cite genocide, imperialism, and racial and religious intolerance and get out of celebrating altogether. But for the rest of you, who can't get out of it and won't compromise, here are a few suggestions that can make it easier for everyone.

1. Ask whoever is doing the cooking to make just a couple things you can have. You can be nice about it; you don't want the reaction to be "I'm not your short-order cook, you know, so you'll eat whatever I make you." Since most non-vegans probably have no clue that certain things aren't vegan (like most margarines), offer to go to the store yourself to pick up ingredients you know are OK.



2. Better yet, cook a couple things yourself, preferably stuff that can be made ahead of time and either reheated or served at room temp. I'm thinking a lot of parents find it a big pain when kids start to have a conscience about what they eat and they themselves just don't give a flying fuck. So when you hand your mom (or whoever) the soy milk and soy margarine and say, please make the mashed potatoes with these instead of milk and butter, she'll say, oh, sure honey, and use the cow stuff instead. It's amazing how parents can accommodate anyone's preferences except their own kids', isn't it? You know that if a friend of theirs was coming over and said

ahead of time, you know, I'm vegan, they'd do their best, but if it's you, they're just annoyed. If nothing else, at least make some awesome desserts and say you're saving room. Lotsa pie, I say.

3. Miss Manners says, when they try to get you to eat the bird, just keep saying, "No, thank you," no matter what they say:

"Katie, don't you want some turkey?"

"No, thank you."

"Oh, come off it, it's a holiday."

"No, thank you."

"Just a little bite? It's not Thanksgiving without turkey!"

(Aha! This is a tricky one. "No, thank you" might be interpreted as agreement with that last statement. You may need to use a little imagination. Maybe:)

"I'm fine with what I have, thank you."

"It's a Butterball this year..." ♪

"No, thank you."

"Aw, you're making us feel guilty."

"Then don't eat it."

You get the idea.



4. Say grace! It doesn't matter which deity you believe in, or even whether you do at all. Try the Bart Simpson: "Dear God, we paid for all this stuff ourselves, so thanks for nothing." Or Milo Bloom: "Dear Lord, I've been asked, nay, commanded to thank Thee for the turkey we see before us. A turkey that was once, no doubt, a sensitive, affectionate creature, nuzzling its young with an almost human-like devotion... Anyway, it's dead now and we're gonna eat it. Please give our respects to its family. Amen." Something like that.

And if you're doing the cooking, or a lot of it, I still have a few things to say:

Make lots of stuffing and lots of mashed potatoes, then make some more. Also, it's damn near impossible to put too much salt or soygarine on potatoes.

If it's leftover sammiches you're craving, both White Wave and Lightlife make amazingly turkey-like fake turkey slices. They're expensive, but what the hell. A couple of those, some leftover stuffing, cranberry sauce, and vegan gravy, and maybe potatoes, put it on bread, and then grill it or stick it in the oven for a while. Aw yeah.

You can make stuffing in a casserole dish, or try it in baked acorn squash halves if you feel it should be stuffed into something. I'll put recipes in here somewhere.

Don't forget, this all applies to Christmas-time gatherings, too. Good luck! ☺



Yum! Stuffing & Gravy

That's right, when you get right down to it, it's not the turkey that *really* makes a Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner—it's the *stuffing*. If you make enough stuffing and mashed potatoes with gravy, then you can eat 'til you pass out, and without the guilt pangs of feasting on the bird's flesh haunting the fever-dreams of your digestive hibernation. This stuffing recipe is from *Bark + Grass #2* and the gravy one is from PETA. Chow down.

Savory Stuffing

- 1 loaf whole wheat bread, cubed
- 8 tbs soy margarine
- 5 stalks celery, chopped
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1 tsp dried parsley
- 4 fresh sage leaves, finely chopped
(or 2 tsp dried sage)
- 1 tsp dried thyme
- 1 tsp dried basil

Put all the bread cubes in a large mixing bowl. It's actually good if the bread is a little stale. Melt the soy margarine in a large frying pan. Add the celery and onion and sauté it for about five minutes, stirring constantly. It's ready when the onions are not only translucent, but slightly browned. Pour it all into the mixing bowl with the bread cubes and add all the herbs. Mix it all up well with a wooden spoon. You may want to add some rosemary if you're into that kind of thing. Dump it all into a casserole dish and bake it covered for about half an hour at 375°. Keep an eye on it, you don't want it to burn. Dig in! ☺ ☺

Golden Gravy

- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/2 cup nutritional yeast flakes
- 1/3 cup oil or soy margarine
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 2 to 3 tbs soy sauce or tamari
- Salt and pepper to taste

This is easy! Just the stuff to ladle over your huge bowl of mashed potatoes. Throw the nutritional yeast flakes and the flour into a saucepan and heat it over medium heat. Toast the dry ingredients in this manner until they give off a nutty aroma. (This may sound vague, but when you try it, you'll see what I mean.) Add the oil and stir it up until it's all bubbly. Now add the water and cook it over a low-medium heat until the gravy is thickening, making sure you NEVER STOP STIRRING. You want the stuff to be about as thick as you want the gravy to end up, maybe a little bit thinner. Take the mixture off the heat, add the soy sauce and salt and pepper, and keep stirring. That's it! Spoon the gravy over your mashies and stuffing and eat 'til you lose consciousness. ☺ ☺

Wooooeee, As part of my job I occasionally get sent to hospitals in other cities. Just my luck—I manage to avoid Santa Barbara, the Chicago assignment breezes right past me, and luck is with me as some other poor sap gets sent to New York. Nope, none of those dumps for me. I'm off to the center of the cultural universe: Good Ole Tulsa, Oklahoma.

The adventure began on a Monday afternoon in Boston. Nick and I left work early to go to the airport to catch our plane. I was leaving my car at the factory because there's a 48-hour limit on parking on the streets by my apartment, so I figured I was better off leaving Molly in the lot at work. We hopped into Nick's Taurus and headed off to the frat house where he was occasionally showering (he was sort of homeless at the time, so he was thrilled at the prospect of a business trip during which he would be able to stay in a hotel instead of sleeping in his car or crashing wherever) to pick up some of his stuff and find a driver. Nick managed to rope someone into driving us to the airport and then watching his car for the week. We arrived at Logan, checked in, and waited for our flight. Soon we were winging our way west.

At this point I'd like to interject a quick round of applause for American Airlines. Nick booked the plane tickets and remembered that I was vegan, and he was cool enough to pass that info on to American. After boarding, I stowed my two allowed pieces of carry-on luggage in the overhead bin and underneath the seat in front of me, fastened my safety belt low and tight across my lap, and started to read a Sara Paretsky novel. Soon after, a flight attendant walks up the aisle right to me and says my name. I glance up, puzzled. She is holding an official-looking clipboard that makes me nervous. My brain is preparing excuses at lightning speed ("I didn't do it, you can't prove anything"). "Yes?" I

squeak. She throws me this big smile and says, "We have your special meal and we just wanted to make sure you were seated where we thought you were!" Wow! Pretty hip. It was a whole-wheat roll with vegan margarine, some melon slices, tomato and cucumber, and a

Six Days in TULSA

cool red bell pepper and pasta deal with lemon vinaigrette. It even came with a Frookie! I was impressed. It was pretty durn good, too! And I ate it with relish, since I doubted I was going to find much to eat in Tulsa. Nick, incidentally, managed to scam a grand total of FOUR meals on our two connecting flights.

We landed in Tulsa at about 9PM Central Daylight Time. The airport was rather slick and modern, so we were thinking that maybe our preconceptions about Tulsa were all wrong. To tell you the truth, we really had no idea what to expect. We grabbed our bags and headed for the exit. At this point Nick is having trouble remembering the name of the hotel we are supposed to stay at. He eventually comes up with the name "Johns Mark" or something like that, and we go outside to hail a cab. As we are standing on the sidewalk, I spot a shuttle bus. "Hey Nick, could it have been the 'Adam's Mark?'" Sure enough, it was, and we get a free ride to the hotel, which the driver tells us is smack-dab in the middle of downtown Tulsa.



"What is there to do in Tulsa?" Nick asks the driver. "Nothin'." he replies, matter-of-factly. This does not bode well for us.

We arrive at the hotel at about 9:30 and check in. The hotel is much nicer than we expected, with large carpeted spiraling staircases and giant chandeliers. After we drop off our stuff, we hit the streets in search of sustenance.

Our nighttime walk through downtown Tulsa was one of the strangest and most dreamlike experiences I've ever had. There was no one on the streets. Not a single soul on foot, and no cars. It was not yet 10PM, and the city looked like a ghost town. We walked a good mile or so, past scores of closed shops and restaurants, before encountering a strange little man travelin' quickly in the opposite direction. We ask him where we can get some food. He directs us to a gas station about another mile away. We shrug and make our way towards it.

The whole way there I notice how excellent the terrain is for skating: smooth streets and no traffic! We passed awesome marble ledges and smooth concrete structures that should have been streaked and stained black with wax and truck metal. They were clean. I wondered to myself if there are any skaters in Tulsa at all.

We eventually arrived at the gas station. It has a 24-hour little minimart kind of deal goin' for it. We head inside and try to find something edible. I had packed a lot of vegan non-perishables (in fact food was the bulk of my luggage) but was hopin' for somethin' other than room temperature that night. We end up leavin' with a loaf of white bread, a jar of grape jelly, a bag of tortilla chips, a jar of salsa, and a two-liter bottle of Coke. No hot food tonight. We trudged back to the hotel, ate some junk food, and caught some rest.

The next day we went in to work. Goin' to hospitals always bums me out a little, what with all the sad and ill people in wheelchairs, on stretchers, you know the drill. Still, we got some stuff done, and headed back to the hotel to change. The

radiation oncologist and one of her nurses were taking us out for a night on the town. In Tulsa, that meant... TWO-STEPPING. Yup, you heard it, we were going to a country bar for some good ol'-fashioned line-dancin'. I'm pretty open-minded, so I figured what the hell. The oncologist, Diane, picked us up and drove us to the place. I wish I could remember its name— it was somethin' like *The Roundup* or *The Hoedown*, but I can't quite recall. I think I've blocked out a lot of that experience...

So we get carded on the way in. No big surprise for me, since I am regularly mistaken for sixteen. The three of us enter the void in search of the nurse, whom we are supposed to be meetin' there.

The room is everythin' I've been expectin' and worse. It's a big black rectangular room, not unlike Boston's now-defunct Channel. The center of the room is a large dance floor. Around the perimeter are bars and pool tables. Everyone (but us) is dressed like someone out of *Hee Haw*— cowboy boots, cowboy hats, giant belt buckles that say GOD, GUNS AND GUTS MADE THIS COUNTRY GREAT. Blond pigtails, puffy pin-up blouses. TONS of makeup. Everyone's smokin' and drinkin' up a storm. There are no black people to be seen. The only African-Americans I've seen since arrivin' in Tulsa (and there have been quite a few) have been drivin' buses and cleanin' bedpans. One of the nurses told us that there are towns in Oklahoma with signs posted that read, "Nigga don't let the sun set on your back in this town." Charmin'.

Oh yeah, there are more dead animal heads stickin' out of the walls than you would find if you dug up a pet cemetery. These, combined with the vast quantities of leather around, are makin' me rather upset. They are real, as far as I can make out, and they look sad. It's hard to find glass eyes that don't seem to accuse.

Diane and I took a turn out on the floor, failin' miserably at even the most basic two-step. We had



fun, though. Nick had a go with the nurse, who apparently frequented this bar once or twice a week and, being a pro, had little difficulty in teaching him his way around the easier steps. While country music gives me hives, I managed to deal for a night. It was neat to see so many people having fun together, including some folks that must have been at least sixty years old. There was some positive energy there, despite the reactionary sexism and racism and redneck attitudes. It's just a different culture. The greatest part of the night was overhearing an older gent who, upon seeing my big-ass maroon Fuct pants, black canvas vans, black XXL Catalyst Records "Straight-Edge/It's OK Not To Drink" t-shirt, and tattoo that was not a flaming skull, a Harley eagle, or a banner reading, "Kill 'em All and Let God Sort 'em Out," remarked to his wife, "That boy don't look too Country."

That was as much of the traditional Tulsa culture as I wished to experience. The next night I grabbed my board and hit the streets in search of local skaters. After a whole lot of nothing, I finally happened upon two kids flipping flatground at a drive-through Liberty bank. One was pretty quiet, I think his name was Mark. The other was more vocal, since he was waiting for a tweaked ankle to cool down



Matt, flatground magic.



Some local popping a HIGH flip.

before resuming his attempts at 360-flips. He told me his name was Matt. He was very friendly. We talked for a while about whatever topics came up: graffiti, tattoos, drugs, and mostly skating. I asked him about the skate scene in

Tulsa. He said it kind of sucked, which really surprised me, until I realized that most people probably think their local scene sucks, since their exposure to other scenes usually consists solely of video footage, which is edited to



Stripey Cone flip at Liberty.

perfection, and magazine shots, taken by professional photographers and fixed up to look as good as possible. He asked me if the East Coast scene was as rough as he'd heard, and I asked him what he meant by that. Apparently the impression these guys have of East Coast skaters is tantamount to media blitz coverage of gang activity. He's heard of non-locals stopping off in Philadelphia to skate and having the locals beat them down and take their gear. I've never skated in Philly, so I can't say for sure that this isn't true, but he lumped Boston in with the same attitude and I've never seen any kind of crap like that

happen here.

So we hung out and skated Liberty for a while, just dorking around. There was a lot to skate right in that little drive-through: lots of smooth flatground, waxed-up curbs, a mild bank out into the street (with little traffic this time of night) and orange cones to set up at the top of it, lots of islands, and a higher waxed ledge just a little ways away. They also took me to a brick open-air shopping area that wasn't as cool, due to the rougher terrain and steps that were too long with too little run-up space. Matt had warned me about the cops, but when a squad car showed up, the boys in blue just said, "No place for you to skate downtown," and kicked us out. I'd trade that guy for the Fat Cop anyday.



Eventually it got late enough that I had to bid farewell to my two new friends, since I had to be back at the hospital in the morning. It felt great to be sweat-ed-through and bone-tired. I pushed back to the hospital (as I started to skate up the path to the entrance, a security guard started towards me until I flashed him my room key) and crashed out.

That was my first exposure to Tulsa skaters, and it was pretty positive. On my last night in Tulsa, I headed out again to try and find some new terrain. About a mile away from the hotel, I ran into three locals (two skaters and a girl who was just hanging out). The skating was mellow until a couple of carloads of other skaters showed up, including Matt. Half an hour later, there are maybe twenty kids, all skating on the corner. I was impressed that there were three female skaters— that's three more than I usually see at larger sessions in Boston, and probably two more than I EVER see. I talked to one of them, Lauren, who said that there were actually quite a few female skaters in Tulsa. Now that's pretty damn cool, if you ask me.

Matt brought some wax and set to work on the smooth concrete curbs. Before we knew it, we had a beautiful virgin curb that slid and ground like ice. That was the raddest session I'd had in a long time.



Lauren, kickflipping off a curb.

After a little while, a lot of the kids wandered off to get stoned (the down side of living in a boring town—the skate scene is pretty good, 'cause there's nothin' else to do, but the recreational drug use is over the top, again 'cause there's nothin' else to do). Matt remained to skate, as did

Lauren and a few others. After a while we headed back down to Liberty and checked out the action there. Thirty kids in a free-for-all. It felt like the street course at Maximus skatepark on a Saturday afternoon, just wicked crowded and lots of crazy stuff being pulled. I learned half-cab kickflips that night, and started working on backside 180 flips. It was way rad. There was a little vibin', but less than I was expectin', bein' from out of town and not very good.

So that was Tulsa. The difference between the line-dancing and the skating was extreme, but really it was all just a bunch of people havin' fun. One tip for you vegans— don't expect to find anything to eat. I survived on the stuff I brought with me, on the hospital cafeteria's salad bar, and on lots of pasta with plain tomato sauce in a couple of restaurants I found. I really had to be triple-explicit about what I wanted when I ordered, too, and even had to send some stuff back, like when I requested a salad with no cheese and received one with parmesan sprinkled all over it. Duh. And oh yeah, I confirmed that there is *nothing* edible for vegans at Denny's, but you probably knew that already. The hotel had nothin' I could eat (and incidentally, why the hell were they chargin' eight bucks for a hamburger?! It's Oklahoma, fer Pete's sake, the streets are lined with sides of beef! Whatever...), so once all the stores and restaurants closed (5PM!!! Except a convenience store that stayed open 'til 7. How convenient), I had to fall back on non-perishables flown in from Boston, like Cliff Bars and trail mix, cashew butter, stuff like that, which can get really tired after six straight days. Let's just wrap the whole thin' up by sayin' that after six days in Tulsa, I was hella sick of saltines and grape jelly. xox



Guy in an Elvis Shirt.



Delicious Satan Seitan

Katie reverse-engineered this from a recipe contributed to GRUB #2 (I think) by John Woodbox. We couldn't find that copy of GRUB one night when we wanted to make it, and Katie did what she could to recreate the dish. We think it came out really close. If you've never had seitan, run out to a health food store, buy some, and make this. Seitan's an amazing meat-like food made from wheat gluten. Sounds weird, but trust us on this one, you'll love it.

- Two 8-oz. packages of seitan
- 1/2 a red bell pepper, chopped
- 1/2 a green bell pepper, chopped
- 2 cups water
- 2 cups nutritional yeast flakes
- Spike (or assorted seasonings)
- 1/2 cup (1 stick) vegan margarine
- 1 box elbow macaroni or rigatoni

Start out by boiling a lot of water in a large saucepan to cook the pasta. Let the water heat to a rolling boil while you do this other stuff I'm gonna tell you about.

Heat half of the margarine in a frying pan until it's all melted. Add the seitan and peppers. Stir it all around over medium heat until the peppers are lightly cooked and the seitan is hot. Don't stress too much over how much cooking is enough; it's not that big a deal.

Keep an eye on that water; once it's boiling, add the macaroni. Let this cook throughout the process, and stir it occasionally so it doesn't turn into one great big pasta lump. Overcooked, unstirred pasta is way disgusting.

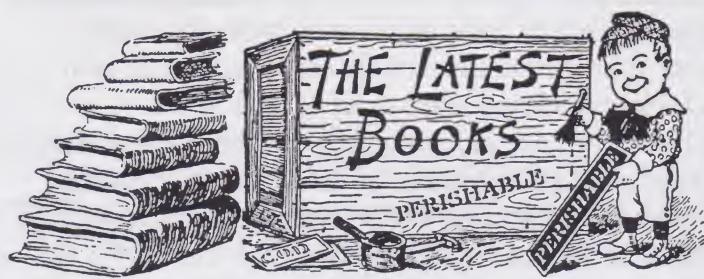
Back to the frying pan. Pour in half of the nutritional yeast and half of the water. Stir it all up over medium-high heat and let the liquid boil off, stirring every once in a while to keep the stuff from burning. You want the sauce to be very thick. Don't worry if you think it's going to be too dry, you'll be making more sauce for this in a little while. Once most of the water has boiled away, remove the pan from the heat and scrape the thickened mixture into a largish bowl.

Put the pan back on the heat and add in the rest of the margarine. Let it melt. Add the rest of the yeast and water, stir it around, and once again boil away the liquid. Add a bunch of Spike and some salt and pepper. Once the sauce is as thick as you want it, remove it from the heat and pour it over the seitan and peppers.

Have you been keeping an eye on the pasta? Good. When it's done, drain it. You're all set! Throw some pasta on a plate and dish the seitan and sauce over it. This makes enough for two very hungry people. Enjoy! xox



Worship Seitan



Katie's Cookbook Corner

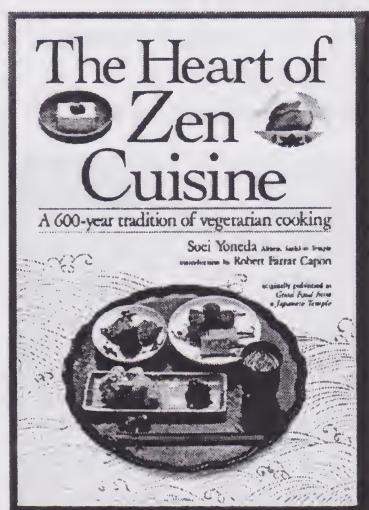
OK, first of all, last time I reviewed a cool cookbook called *Bark + Grass*. Well, a new edition has come out and it's even better, with more recipes. It's available from the East Bay Vegan Network for I think 2 or 3 bux. They also carry *Raggedy Anarchy's Guide to Vegan Baking and the Universe*, which is amazing. I just love it. Nummy bad-for-you recipes, plus lotsa ranting and stories. The non-recipe stuff is in crappily reproduced small type, but stick with it. It's worth squinting to read about the Christmas Puke-in at the mall. Also, I don't think it calls for egg replacer anywhere, which is a bonus for me cuz I find that stuff kind of a pain. It's messy and inconveniently packaged. I always waste a lot when I use it. I made the fudgy brownies and brought them to my class's Halloween party and they were a hit. People are always really impressed when I present them vegan food that is not healthy or low-fat at all. Here's the address to get it from:

**East Bay Vegan Network
P.O. Box 4353
Berkeley, CA 94709-0353**

I think it's like \$3. The more dessert the better, I say.



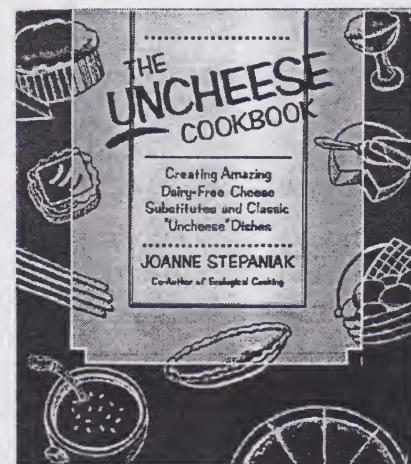
There's an attitude out there that I don't much like. It's the attitude that all things Eastern (food, philosophy, culture, whatever) are inherently far superior to all things Western, and especially that all things Japanese are superior to all things American. Now I'm no big jingoist or anything, but I think America has made a few contributions to civilization (chili, the blues, *Citizen Kane*), and Western philosophers were no slouch, either. And that's not to say that the Japanese don't have a glorious and ancient culture; I'm saying that the cultures are merely different, each with its advantages and disadvantages. Which brings me to *The Heart of Zen Cuisine*, this Japanese cookbook that was listed in the catalog as "macrobiotic," but that word doesn't seem to appear anywhere in the text. The introduction is by someone named Robert Farrar Capon, who rants about how awful American cooking is, and especially how awful American vegetarian cooking is, and how in Japan all is perfect. He starts out with a description of the meals served at the Buddhist abbey (of which the recipes' author, Soei Yoneda, is Abbess), and how wonderful they are, and I will cheerfully concede that an elegant Japanese meal is nothing but pleasure. Then he ruins it all, on p.8, with "the



American idea of a square meal." A sample quote: "For every child who hates spinach, there seem to be a dozen grain and legume lovers whose grim enthusiasms only serve to give brown rice and soybeans a bad name." Oh, yeah? Well, fuck you, clown. He's even scared to let Americans get their Western little hands on this book: "Americans, once they discover emphatic things like Japanese mustard and wasabi horseradish, are all too likely to use them in quantities gross enough to blow off the tops of skulls. And even with less aggressive ingredients such as soy sauce and ... miso, they commonly apply them so ham-handedly that every dish tastes like a salt lick." It gets worse, because then he goes into a discussion about calories that proves only that he wasn't paying attention in science class, and a discussion about amino acids that proves only that he hasn't been paying attention lately. One more time, nice and loud. IT IS NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO GET ENOUGH PROTEIN IF YOU EAT SUFFICIENT CALORIES. True, "brown rice only has done people in permanently," (p.11) but it weren't because of protein. If you ate nothing but brown rice, there would be a lot of things you wouldn't get, like certain vitamins and minerals, but unless your body chemistry is unusual, you'll get all the protein you need. Says so in *Diet for a New America* and *Simply Vegan*. I could go on and on about this jerk, but I won't. I started out talking about the "East is way better than West" attitude, and I just wanted to point out that only Westerners like Capon seem to have that attitude. The author of the rest of the book, who I mentioned is a Japanese abbess, has a whole different approach. She's just like, "Here's what we do, and why we do it this way, and it might take a little getting used to, but I think you'll like it." She's so gentle and so positive that I don't see how Bobby Boy could have been allowed to write the introduction. The recipes are really cool, too, but kind of complicated, and I, uh, haven't made any of them yet. Maybe sometime soon I'll take the time to make a whole fancy Japanese meal. (One difference between Japanese and American cooking is, for an American meal, you make large portions of a few dishes, and for Japanese, you make small portions of many dishes, which is a lot of work for the cook, in my opinion.) One more thing, some of the ingredients are kind of unusual for us uncultured types who never had no learnin'. But for most of these recipes, you can find the stuff at the supermarket or health food store. So I'd say get it if you're already a good cook with the time to spend once in a while. And skip the intro, unless you like getting pissed off as much as I do.



OK, there's a lot of reasons why I won't be president, but perhaps the biggest one is I don't support my home state's (Wisconsin) two biggest industries: beer and dairy. Oh, yeah, I forgot cannibalism, make that three biggest industries. Jack's stepfather is always calling me Cheesehead, and I have to remind him that I don't do the cheese thing anymore. Maybe I should slip him a copy of *The Uncheese Cookbook*, by Joanne Stepaniak. It starts out with recipes for fake cheeses like Colby, Cheddar, Parmesan, Swiss, Brie, everything. Then there's tons of recipes for pizzas, casseroles, fondues, and lots of other stuff. It doesn't make perfect substitutes, but it sure makes some good stuff. One other thing—some of the ingredients might take some hunting, but there are mail-order addresses in the back. I made the fake Parmesan, which is super easy, just almonds and nutritional yeast ground up together. If you use a lot of it, it's great on spaghetti. I also made Croque Madame, which is French toast with mushroom fondue, and it was splendiferous. All recipes are vegan; some contain wine as an optional flavoring; you need a blender to make most of the stuff. Get it if ya miss cheese! 



Send us stuff! If we like it, we may use it in a future issue of HAPPY MEAL. Then you will be famous and soon you will enjoy a life of riches, excess, and decadence. No guarantees, though. As you can see from the following, any subject is fair game. Enjoy!

Guest Column

Making the Most of Your Bad Habits

by An Bhean Sidhe

The first thing to do is to get yourself a few bad habits. Take your time in deciding which habits you will adopt—this is a very important decision you are making. Here is a helpful list of bad habits for you to enjoy:

- Smoking Cigarettes
- Eating Way Too Many Cookies
- Getting Drunk and Acting Stupid
- Drinking Lots of Coffee
- Driving Recklessly
- Spending More Money than You Actually Have

Smoking Cigarettes

This is my favourite vice. In fact, I'm smoking a cigarette as I write this paragraph. That's one of the wonderful things about smoking— you can engage in your vice without having to stop doing other things. Another great thing about cigarettes is that they go so well with alcohol and coffee, two other vices you'll hear about soon. If you smoke certain brands of cigarettes, you'll have the wonderful opportunity to cash in on your bad habit by collecting proofs of purchase and buying all sorts of terrific items with your cigarette's logo imprinted on them. Don't forget that you are helping the economy by keeping cigarette manufacturers, physicians and undertakers in business.



Eating Way Too Many Cookies

Here there is lots of room for creativity. You get to choose your favourite type of cookie and indulge yourself. If you happen to like "sandwich" cookies, you can take them apart before you eat them. You can go whole hog and demolish an entire bag in one sitting. Cookies go well with milk, a well-known source of calcium.* Some cookies are very high-class, and you have a chance to improve your social standing if someone sees you eat them. This is known as conspicuous cookie consumption. There are no laws against eating cookies, so knock yourself out.



Getting Drunk and Acting Stupid

This is a favourite pastime for young and old, although it is illegal for those under 21 (in Illinois) to purchase alcohol. Of course, this doesn't stop lots of kids from getting blasted anyway. Try to do this in a crowded place, such as a bar, where there will be plenty of members of the opposite sex (or opposing sex) to annoy. If you happen to be male, drink lots of boilermakers or something, then hit on as many women as you can in the most obnoxious ways you can think of. This is guaranteed to be a hit at parties. Put a lampshade on your head and dance around on the buffet table. Reach the maudlin stage of drunkenness and regale anyone who will listen about your lousy love life (or whatever you have to be unhappy about). Reach the incoherent stage and mumble cusswords under your boozed-up breath. Reach the unconscious stage and pass out in the hallway, thus forcing departing guests to step over and around you as they head for the door.



* VEGAN ALERT. Milk actually *inhibits* absorption of calcium. Get your calcium from beans and grains and kale. Drink orange juice or coffee or tea with cookies; cow's milk is for baby cows. Thank you. -ed.

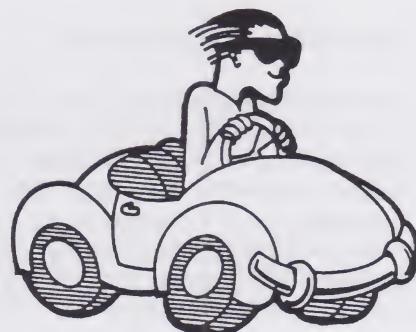
Drinking Lots of Coffee

This is a really great vice because it is even encouraged in most workplaces! A drawback to this is the universal awfulness of office coffee. Only drink office coffee in an extreme emergency. For most workdays, you should head down the street to Starbuck's or some such place and order a double mocha latte. Drink till you tremble your way to another dimension. If you are fortunate enough to live in a large metropolis, chances are there is a coffeehouse nearby. A coffeehouse is usually, but not exclusively, a timewarp zone where most of the patrons have never left the early seventies. Drink from the endless pot and play chess or go, or argue long about the history of some obscure Eastern European nation. Put up flyers about your politically correct events, start a petition, collect other people's flyers and all the free newspapers you can carry. You can always line the cat litter box with them if you're not going to read them. By all means appear literate. Smoke lots of cigarettes, preferably clove or unfiltered Camels. (See "Smoking Cigarettes" above.)



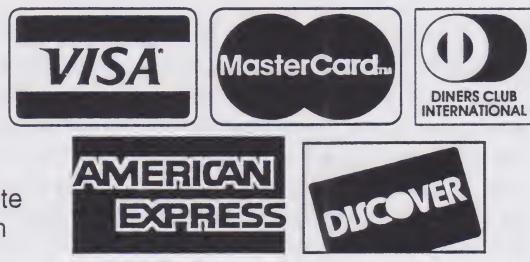
Driving Recklessly

How many times has your mother or grandmother or someone like that told you, as you left the house, to "drive carefully?" How many times have you wanted to peel out suddenly from their driveways, leaving skidmarks and a cloud of dust behind you? Well, this is definitely the bad habit for you. This vice is most effective if you have access to a nifty sportscar, but you can accomplish much driving an old jalopy. First you ought to either (a) drink lots of coffee, or (b) drink too much alcohol. Both of these potations have disastrous effects on your driving ability. Rush away from stoplights, only to brake suddenly when hitting the next red light. Cut off as many drivers as you can. Cuss. Remember, it's your job to make everyone else on the road as uncomfortable as possible. Be a speed demon on the highway. Apply makeup or comb your hair in the rear view mirror, especially while manoeuvering in traffic. Honk your horn a lot. If possible, have a very loud air horn installed. Use your brights all the time— why have 'em if you can't use 'em? Ignore signals from other drivers; they're all idiots who found their driver's licenses in cereal boxes anyway. Since you are encased in several pounds of fast-moving steel, you can especially terrify any pedestrians you happen across. You can even play a little game with them. Some pedestrians are worth more points than others: i.e. anyone in a power suit, rollerbladers (they count as pretty pedestrian— HINT: they usually can't stop), little old ladies with their pooches out for a stroll. You get the idea. Have a stamp made and mark the number of hit-and-runs on the side of your car.



Spending More Money than You Actually Have

This pastime is very popular and even condoned in America, especially in the suburbs. It consists of obtaining credit and then going on a mad shopping spree, spending your plastic bucks on everything in sight that takes your fancy. This is much easier since it seems like you're not even spending money— after all, you can't SEE the money involved in any of these transactions, now, can you? No, you can't. So just go ahead and spend, spend, spend! Later on you will get pieces of paper in the mail claiming you owe money on these purchases. Throw them away. You don't need them for what you're doing. Make sure you get lots of different credit cards, since the practice of this habit often means the closure of one or more accounts. Then you'll have to bounce checks instead, which is also pretty fun. Just never balance your checkbook, and write checks for whatever you want. Don't worry, if you don't have enough money in your account, the check will bounce. You may get a letter from your bank claiming you owe money on one or more bounced checks. Ignore it completely. Mail-order catalogues and the Home Shopping Network are very helpful here, especially for those who are housebound for some reason.



In Conclusion

I hope that this has been helpful for you. Start out small, and work your way up to bigger things. Soon you will have a richly rewarding life of vice and dissipation. ☺



Crappy Day Bar Cookies

I've had some crappy days in my time (today may take the cake—my car got sideswiped in a major way and I got mugged on the way back from the police station), and no doubt you've had them too. You know those days where you come scant millimeters from losing your temper and violently assaulting one of your denser coworkers? No? Damn, I've gotta get a new job... So anyway, I've found that nothing really takes the edge off a crappy day like some fresh baked goods loaded with chocolate. This recipe was adapted from *Raggedy An(n)archy's Guide to Vegan Baking and the Universe*. It's pretty easy to make and you will feel a whole lot better after scarfing a couple of these babies, I guarantee. Hell, they keep me from running amok, that's a pretty serious endorsement.

- 3/4 cup turbinado sugar
- 3/4 cup date sugar
- 1/2 cup vegan margarine
- 1/2 cup vegan shortening
- 2 tbs + 1 1/2 tsp water
- 2 1/4 cup flour
- 1 tsp baking soda
- 1/2 tsp salt
- 1 12-oz. package of vegan chocolate chips
(like President's Choice brand)

First, get a big bowl and a large spoon. Combine the sugar, margarine, shortening, and water in the bowl and mix it all up, preferably while you watch some bad TV. I recommend Melrose Place if your crappy day happens to be a Monday (and you know most of them are). You can use white sugar instead of turbinado, and since date sugar is expensive, you can replace it with brown sugar or even more turbinado or white. Mix it up real good until it's all smooth and creamy.

During the next commercial break, go back to the kitchen and add in the flour, baking soda, and salt. Also, while you're there, preheat the oven to 375°. Go back and watch more TV while you exercise your stirring arm. Getting all that flour to blend isn't easy, but keep at it. Let your anger at Jane's stupidity fuel your mixing frenzy.

Another commercial. Is the mix all cookie dough-y? Good. Eat some. Time for the chocolate. Tear open the bag and dump it all in. Sit in front of the tube while you mix yet again. You will notice that the amount of chocolate chips seems way out of proportion with the amount of cookie dough. This is a good thing. Keep mixing, you'll get 'em to stick, it'll happen if you're patient.

Go back to the kitchen and lightly grease a 13x9x2 nonstick baking pan. If all you have is larger or smaller, you'll have to adjust the baking time accordingly. Dump the dough into it and press it out flat with your trusty spoon. Check that the oven's ready for you, and throw in your concoction. Don't lose track of time! Burning them will make your day even crappier. They need to bake for about twenty minutes, but oven heats vary, so check on 'em every so often. Not too often! Opening the oven door too much makes 'em cook unevenly. They're done when the top wrinkles a bit and turns a nice deep golden brown.

Pull 'em out and let 'em cool on the stove for about fifteen minutes, or the whole thing will just fall apart when you try to cut it into squares. Be patient! When they've cooled a bit, slice 'em into sixteen bars with a butter knife and lift a couple out with a nonstick spatula. Notice how they seem less like chocolate chip cookies than like chocolate bars with a little bit of cookie swirled in? That's a good thing. Eat some while they're warm. Relax. Take a hot bath. Tomorrow's another day, and you'll have cookies for lunch. x x



THE WORST SHOW OF THE SUMMER

Let me tell you about Sunday, August 28th, 1994 and the last HEARSAY show of the summer. John Hearsay does a hell of a job putting together shows that are worth your money (always six bands or more for six bucks or less). This was to be a last-chance bash featuring DALTONIC, TEMPERANCE, CHILMARK, DYNAMITE UA, the CHAMPIONS, THIRD AGE, and the UNSEEN. It was to be held at the White Eagle in lovely Worcester, MA, a city that has more auto parts stores than it has cars less than twenty years old.

My luck regarding shows is abominable. I was cautious and called the club the day before. The club told me the show had been cancelled. I called the Hearsay number. The machine said that the show would not be cancelled under any circumstances. Optimist that I am, that was good enough for me, and I set out on Sunday afternoon for the one-hour drive to the White Eagle. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and I had a fresh batch of issue #1's to unload. I was particularly hoping to get an interview with TEMPERANCE for issue #3. All was right with the world.

Minor annoyance #1: The Mass Pike. What an annoying piece of road. It just irks me to have to pay \$1.30 to drive from point A to point B. Still, I paid it cheerfully, figuring the round-trip \$2.60 added into the \$6 for the show still wasn't bad for a seven-band bill. I continued on my merry way.

Irksome point #2: Whoever gave me directions to the club (somebody from the UNSEEN I think) was a little confused. Had I followed his instructions, I would have left the highway in Worcester only to get RIGHT BACK ON IT AGAIN and drive away. I tool around aimlessly for a while and marvel at the sheer ugliness of the town before finally pulling into a random Exxon station and asking where Green St. is. Turns out the guy can physically point it out to me— it runs right alongside the station. Well, ain't that fortuitous. I hop back into Molly and point her towards the club. Five minutes later I'm parking behind a VW Rabbit with a GORILLA BISCUITS sticker on the rear window and I know I'm in the right place. BUT...



The lovely White Eagle, Worcester, MA. Grab a Tray and dig in!

It's 1:15 on the day of a 1PM-doors show and as I walk towards the wide-open doors of the White Eagle, there are no kids to be seen, and not a sound to be heard (except the sick whine of a '72 Vega some fat guy can't get started). I trudge up the dusty stairs to be greeted at the top by John Hearsay. We exchange pleasantries and I pay my six bucks. The room itself is too depressing to register in my brain, so I spend a few minutes poring through the plethora of seven-inchers John has out for sale. When I've exhausted the possibilities, I face the room.

It's a sight to behold. A big, rectangular room with the stage at the far end. The stage floor



slants appreciably upward away from what will hopefully soon be the crowd. I feel like I can play skeeball on the stage floor, it slants so much. Behind the stage: a big, wooden flowery-sunny kinda deal that just makes you want to shoot yourself. Apparently somebody thought that gold paint around the edge of the stage would look classy. Go figure. The really upsetting thing about the stage: There are no instruments set up.

The rest of the room: A Budweiser sign and a Coors Light clock are the only decoration apart from the chintzy yellow curtains on the windows. But then, that's all the decoration you need in a room full of ORANGE VINYL CHAIRS. No kidding! I was seriously contemplating snagging one for my apartment, they were so funky. Similarly upholstered vinyl McDonald's-style

booths lined the sides of the hall, and lotsa formica tables dotted the floor. I felt like I should grab a plastic tray and stand in line. So why am I telling you all of this? No, I'm not a freakin' interior designer. I simply wish to convey the absolute black-hole-of-style that is the White Eagle in all its glory. You see, all this negative visual input actually would have been kinda neat if any music were playing. But there wasn't, and so the assault of the orange vinyl was simply maddening.



The Lovely Nancy, Queen of Worcester

There's hardly anyone there. A few kids are sitting at tables, looking bored. I walk around and take it all in. Yuck. The silence is overwhelming. From here on in things get uglier. All times are approximate and difficult to estimate, as overwhelming boredom tends to blur the passage of time in memories.

1:20PM: I sit at a table nearer the stage and pull out a zine Katie & I got in the mail the other day. I get past the first page before three guys come up and ask me if the zine I'm reading is the one I do myself. I say no, and pull out some HAPPY MEALS. Two of them give me dollar bills and one trades for his own creation, MARKET essayzine. We all cling together since we make up a good third of the people there and we're bored as hell and more than a little pissed off.

I'd like to say here that if it weren't for these three guys (Nick, Brendan, and Skinny) who drove all the way from Plymouth, I would definitely have gone insane amid a sea of orange vinyl.

1:45PM: There are some more kids in here now, but they are all sitting at tables waiting for something to happen. There are still no instruments set up on stage. The only sign of any bands is what is apparently someone from the UNSEEN, who is handing out dorky flyers. Matt, Brendan, Skinny and I are camped out right in front of the stage, sitting on the awesome orange chairs and waiting for a band to set up.

2:00PM: The sound guy shows up and asks us if we are one of the bands. We are tempted to say yes. He seems like an okay guy, kinda drugged-out maybe, thin and intense and unkempt. But he has a great attitude. We tell him that apparently none of the bands have bothered to show up, except for the UNSEEN. We point them out for him. He sets up a mike. The stage now has nothing on it but a single mike and a painted, decapitated mannequin's head bearing the legend "NANCY," which we found behind one of the amps.

2:10PM: Some guy associated with the White Eagle walks by and tells us to get our feet off of the furniture. It has not occurred to any of us to think of the orange chairs as furniture. Skinny is doodling on an art pad with a ball point pen, drawing a devil-man kinda deal. Brendan becomes obsessed with persuading Skinny to draw a penis on the creature. We are all slightly unhinged by the lack of activity.

2:20PM: The UNSEEN starts to set up. They spend a few minutes putting together a drum set. We four cheer wildly at the fact that there is tangible



Dominoes at The White Eagle Youth Center.

evidence on stage that maybe we will actually hear some music today.

2:30PM: Part of TEMPERANCE shows up. This is great news to me, since they are the main reason I came. However, there is still no sign of DALTONIC, THIRD AGE, CHILMARK, DYNAMITE UA, or the CHAMPIONS. Rumors are circulating about some kind of temper tantrum thrown the night before by Skott of DALTONIC, resulting in a cancelled show. People are anxious that the same thing has happened again.

2:50PM: Half an hour after the drum set was set up, it is then taken down. No explanation is apparent. The UNSEEN seem to have left. TEMPERANCE is the only band that is here. John Hearsay looks more than mildly upset. The sound guy looks bored. Everyone else looks boreder.

3:20PM: Time no longer has any meaning. Everyone has turned to tabletop activities to keep the madness at bay. Many people read zines. A gaggle of kids are playing dominoes loudly, to compensate for the sheer lack of noise in the hall. I am playing Tetris. Brendan is starting to get violently worked up about the lameness of the situation. Eventually we all start playing tabletop hockey with three quarters. I win a lot. I start to formulate a plan to bring Bingo cards and apparatus to all shows from now on, so that we can all pass the time in a wholesome, community-building manner.



has turned out, the fact that some of these kids stayed and TEMPERANCE decided to play for them (without pay, presumably, since John skipped out) makes me feel kinda good inside.

4:15PM: TEMPERANCE is playing the best they can with crappy sound in a soul-sucking room. I'm getting into it. So are some of the other kids. They play some of the songs from the old 7" and I'm ecstatic. However, the lackey who told us to get our feet off the chairs before is keeping kids from sitting on the stage or getting photos from the sides. Lame.

4:25PM: Halfway through "Passage," the stage-right amp falls over, nearly crushing three kids. The lame table the amps were balanced on has *broken* under the amps' weight. Luckily, no-one is hurt.

3:40PM: TEMPERANCE gets disgusted and decides just to get up and play, since it is now obvious that no-one else is going to show up. They have a fantastic attitude about trying to salvage SOMETHING from this show. Kids are pissed because it appears that John Hearsay has quietly slipped out with the cash. We have all paid six bucks to sit in a depressing cafeteria-like room all day with our collective thumb up our collective ass, which is planted on an orange vinyl chair. TEMPERANCE starts to set up and the sound guy is stoked.

4:00PM: Three hours after the posted show time, the first and only band on an originally-billed-as-seven-band-show can start playing. Maybe thirty kids have remained and start to cluster around the stage. Despite how shitty the day



IT's still summer, but IT feels like fall...



The bastard who pulled The plug.

4:30PM: The manager of the White Eagle comes in and starts whining about his table. He pulls the plug on TEMPERANCE, who are still trying to get a little music out to the kids. At no time does the manager show any concern over whether or not anyone was hurt. He starts clearing the place out, as TEMPERANCE starts to break down their stuff. People start filing out, in what is not the best of moods.

And that was the last show of the summer.

Okay, so what do we learn from this? I don't know. There's no denying that the whole situation sucks, but who's to blame? I haven't talked to John, so I don't know if it was just an organizational disaster or if the bands were all being dorks. Did John clear out with the cash? I don't know. I don't think it really matters, really, though if he did a lot of kids are going to think twice before trusting him again. Here's the two things I think it comes down to:

1) People throwing shows have got to take the responsibility to see that they happen the way they should. I really shouldn't talk, since I've never put on a show and I'm sure the sheer organizational energy that needs to go into it must be phenomenal.

However, the fact that *some* shows come off just fine implies to me that with a little extra effort, the person putting on the show can make everyone happy.

2) The bands have to stop this attitude of "oh, that place sucks, let's just not show up" or "We've played three nights straight, this is a small show, let's not bother" or whatever the hell it is that they're pulling. If you're in a band whose name appears in a lineup for a show, make sure you get your ass there, when it says



Three buds groovin' To DALTONIC. Or is THAT THIRD AGE? Or maybe IT'S CHILMARK, all of Their performances were kinda similar somehow... Oh, well... ROCK ON!!!



The end: Nick, Brendon, & Skinny. Thumbs Up! Aw Yeah!

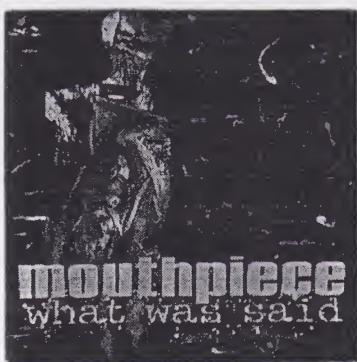
to get your ass there. When you decide to bail, it's just not fair for the kids who are paying to see you. That's the kind of thing that's killing the Boston scene.

Other than that, I just don't know what to say. If there are people out there in Boston trying to put on shows and could use an extra pair of hands, write to me, and maybe I can help. I just want to see shows start happening around here again. If I had half a clue as to what needs to be done, I'd probably try to put one together myself, but I don't so I won't.

Here's to next summer. May it not suck half as much as this one did. x : x



MUSIC REVIEWS * MUSIC REVIEWS * MUSIC REVIEWS



MOUTHPIECE - *What Was Said* (New Age Records)

This is kicking my ass all over the room even as I write this. When I saw MOUTHPIECE over a year ago, they were giving out stickers for this album, but it only just showed up at the record stores here. Are the stores lame, or has New Age just taken forever to put it out? MOUTHPIECE sounds the same as they did three years ago, but I like it, I like it! Solid, driving straight-edge hardcore that tore my soul from my flesh, and boy did I need that... The sound quality is excellent on the nine new tracks. My favorites are the heavy "What Remains," the searing "Gauge," and the awesome re-recording of "Abandon," off of the *It's For Life* comp on Consequence Records. "Strip the Threads" is an oddball song, sort of slow, made me think of the one ballad on every crappy metal-lite major label album that came out in the 80's. It's way better than that, though, of course. As a bonus, the CD includes the tracks from their first 7". It's been a long time since I've listened to stuff like this. Later I actually put on the GORILLA BISCUITS and shouted along and stomped around like an idiot. I felt great. If it's been too many years since you yelled along to YOUTH OF TODAY while jumping around your room wearing nothing but your underwear and a pair of big black X's, odds are you'll get a hell of a kick out of this. XOX



DALTONIC - *Phantom Music and Voices* (Vigilance Records)

Yeah, I like DALTONIC a lot live, but for some reason they just never sound quite right on vinyl—sorta washed-out and chintzy. It reminds me of stage costumes: put 'em under stage lights and they look great, but look at 'em under normal lights and they look like they're going to fall apart. Skott's vocals, so powerful live, sound like he's screaming from inside an empty well. The rest of the band sounds all right, but not as earnest as they seem on stage. This is a three-song 7". "Rhinestone" is arguably the best of the three tracks, with its fast-as-hell middle bookended by a crunchy, heavy chorus, but it's better as a show singalong. "Grains of Sand" isn't much to write home about, pretty standard fare, but the starts and stops are neat and give it texture. Problem is, when DALTONIC isn't playing songs about personal pain and anxiety, they just don't sound like they mean it. Which is why "Effort" seems a little more like them live, but it cuts out just when I felt it was getting going. I have a feeling that I'd like this record a lot more if I had never seen DALTONIC live, but that's more of a testament to their amazing energy and enthusiasm when performing live than a condemnation of what is, at worst, a mediocre record. Not bad, but you should really go see them up front. XOX

DALTONIC

Phantom music and voices



LIFETIME - *seveninches* (Glüe Records)

This is a CD release of the new *Tinnitus* 7" and the first 7". The *Tinnitus* tracks are quite brilliant. "Isae Aldy Beausoleil" is a great balance of tight hardcore and heartfelt emo melody offset terrifically by some hilarious vituperative lyrics. "Ferret" is slower, singsongier, a gorgeous medium-paced song about being too wrapped up in yourself. Neat bass work. "StarSixtyNine" is a lot faster, more driving, keeps you jumping around riding the spiraling guitar whines. Lastly, "Ampersand" is LIFETIME at their emo-est, and that's saying a lot; slow, ponderous, heavy chords shifting into too-fast-to-dance-to hardcore, blending now and then into some beautiful little melodic sparklers. The inclusion of the remixed first 7" is interesting, because it doesn't sound too much different from the new material, but enough to show you how they've progressed. The changes have been quite subtle. It wouldn't be correct to say that LIFETIME sounds the same as they did four years ago; rather, they still sound like LIFETIME and like no one else. You could not mistake any of these tracks for those of any other band out there. They just keep getting better and better. Definitely get this if you haven't, and see the interview elsewhere in this issue for a little more LIFETIME

XOX



THIRD AGE - *Self-Titled* (TAP/Atomic Action)

Hmm, something about this doesn't sound quite right. At least the first track, "Natural Law", is kind of a yawner, standard hardcore mush after a cool threatening intro; the ending is also kind of interesting. "Made the Victim" is better, with a neato-keen guitar riff that continues throughout and some nice rhythms that keep it moving in different directions. I don't remember THIRD AGE's vocals being so, well, so DANZIGgy on the last 7" or when I saw them live, but here they really seem forced and compartmentalized into a distinctly Glenn-like category. (By the way, in case you haven't noticed, Glenn Danzig is a major loser.) This record has only one real saving grace, and that is the final track, "The Time It Takes." It's an awesome instrumental that is very soft and melodic, introspective, bobbing and weaving and tripping along. You have to listen to it with your eyes closed to hear it right. Not hardcore but very, very pretty and pleasant. It even fades out. Not many songs do that these days. Overall, I don't think I can recommend this record, but that last track is definitely worth listening to, and I'd be very interested in hearing more experimental-type stuff from THIRD AGE in the future—they definitely have the musical talent to go to new places and surprise us, and so they should. Why play the same stuff everyone else is playing? XOX



MUSIC REVIEWS ⚡ MUSIC REVIEWS ⚡ MUSIC REVIEWS



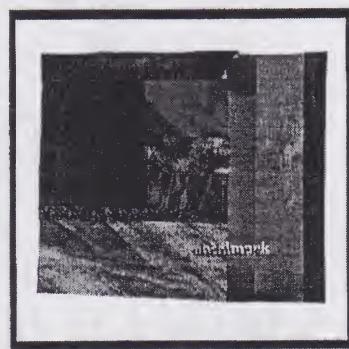
V/A - Rebuilding Compilation (Temperance Records)

This CD apparently came out in 1992, but I only just saw it show up in the New Releases bin at the Taang! store. Go figure. Anyhow, I'm glad I stumbled across it. It's a compilation of the TURNING POINT/NO ESCAPE split EP, the out-of-print *Rebuilding 7"*, and bonus tracks from the also-out-of-print *Forever 7"*, so you get a couple of BURN tracks and a GORILLA BISCUITS one too ("Biscuit Power", which is easily available elsewhere). All in all, a lot of hardcore fun. NO ESCAPE reminds me a lot of JUDGE, musically—actually, on some tracks (like the driving "Silenced") I'd swear I WAS listening to JUDGE, complete with Mike-like vocals and slightly-insecure lyrics. I think TURNING POINT's a little more my cup o' tea; there's something a little more subtle to their sound somehow. It's a little more rhythmically varied or something, with some slower, softer intros that, without warning, kick you right into a tightly-executed hardcore frenzy. For instance, take "Thursday": it has a pretty, melodic intro that belies the intensity of the speed that follows and the earnest anxiety of the vocals, which are more than just screaming. If you happen across this in your travels and you don't already own the original releases, I'd recommend picking it up. Old school hardcore rules when you need something high-octane to get you moving. XOXO



CHILMARK - Fifteen Fingered Man (Used Gears Records)

The music on this CD EP is a lot slower and swirlier than their last two 7"s, with the possible exception of the re-recording of "Beautiful," which originally appeared on Moo Cow's "In Memory Of..." comp earlier this year. The new version is tighter and has a more polished feel to it, but somehow it doesn't have the same earnestness as the comp version, maybe just because it's on CD instead of vinyl so the spaces between the notes are lost. The other five songs are more introspective in tone; my favorite is the title track, which moves a little faster than the others. Not your standard emo, but it makes me think of the sea and the color green, if that means anything to you. Probably not. Oh yeah, don't think this is lame because it's only six songs, because the shortest of the six is just under four minutes long, with a couple topping six. CHILMARK was never a band to balk at longer pieces, which you know if you've seen them live. The most amazing thing about this release is that it ACTUALLY COMES WITH A LYRIC SHEET! Totally unprecedented in CHILMARK's career. Incidentally, Moo Cow has just re-pressed CHILMARK's first two 7"s, "The King" and "Driftwood." You should get them up if you never bought them the first time around. I haven't checked if they come with lyric sheets, but if they do, I may have to buy them even though I've got the original releases. Great music. XOXO



JETTISON CHARLIE - Hitchhiking to Budapest (TOTC Records)

Wow! Very different stuff here. Don't expect hardcore, but more a sort of punk-edged, highly eclectic mix of ballads and ballbreakers. "Toast" and the title track are slow and pretty with nicely-sung vocals, with occasional departures into guitar-crunchy wanderings. "Dragonbreath" is a highly-textured instrumental piece that is tough to describe, because there's so much going on around the central riff. VERY tight stuff—these guys sound like they eat, sleep, and breathe together at all times, to the point where they have some kind of psychic link. "Suckfest" is lighter, with a reggae-kinda beat. I like it. "Deconstruction" does some neat things with overdubbed voices laid on top of the main singing and odd chord progressions. All in all, there's so much different stuff on here I doubt I'm going to get tired of listening to it any time soon. The vocalist occasionally sounds like Jello Biafra, though I'm not at all sure he'd appreciate the reference. The recording quality is AMAZING for an independent release—I don't know who *Turn of the Century Records* is, but they deserve some serious praise for a job well done. And oh yeah, GREAT use of movie samples between tracks... remember the hand-severing scene in *EVIL DEAD II*? "Who's laughing NOW?!?!" Excellent stuff, and I hope to see more from JETTISON CHARLIE in the future. XOXO



V/A - Soundtrack to the Revolution (Onlook Records)

Mmmm, crunchy! A four-song straight-edge compilation of brutal chords and tortured screams. I think the CHOKEHOLD song ("Kill Me") is the best, even though it starts out kinda dull... After the slow and repetitive intro, it launches into a swooping hardcore assault. The lyrics are the best, they seethe with frustration over secondhand smoke. Sounds kinda silly, I guess, but really, when you listen to it, it works. The KNOCKDOWN track ("Crutch") has really changed my mind about them... I never really liked them much live, but this song isn't bad at all. Melodic entry gives way to a solid piece of work with some good tempo changes and vocals that remind me a little of Ray from old YOUTH OF TODAY, but clearer. Cool SxEx lyrics, too. "Sky" (by CONVERGE) is musically excellent, but I don't know why they even bother with the lyric sheet—even with it, you can't figure out what Jake's screaming. I'm tired of bands whose vocals are totally incomprehensible death-metal rasps. Ignore the vocals and this is a good song. Which brings me to BOUND's contribution ("Cain Rose Up") which elicits nothing but yawns and a single question: Why? Same screeching non-word vocals, and nothing musically interesting going on here either. Innovation is dead to these guys. If you get this comp, listen to side A and forget about B. You'll be wasting your time if you flip the thing over. XOXO

soundtrack to



the revolution

A Cartoon Bedtime Story



In the seconds that followed, the irate duck leapt at the hunter's neck, baring a bill lined with dozens of razor-sharp teeth... The sportsman's last gurgling scream went unheard by his fellow man, but was sweet music to the ears of the other denizens of the wetlands, who had lived in fear for far too long. Once our hero had torn out the hunter's soft throat and left his lifeless body steaming in the grass, he went for a little swim in the now-placid pond to cool his burnt ass, and briefly, all was right with the world. The End. XOX



There are three clocks visible from the Pit in Harvard Square, and they invariably tell three different times. I find myself wishing I could wear a watch for more than three days without falling on it and breaking it.

Of the three, the clock over the Coop is probably the one most people would set their watches to, just because it looks the most official, towering over the people below. For corroboration (or lack of it, really) there's the two clocks on the bank building. The one with hands and no numbers on its face appeals to the folks who'd like to think that they're smart but just a little down on their luck. The digital one is for people who don't mind craning their necks a little higher if it'll save them the brain power necessary to figure out what the big and little hands mean. If you get up and walk around the newsstand, there's a fourth clock over on the corner, but I doubt most people in the Pit make the effort; three conflicting reports is usually enough to satisfy anyone's daily requirement of bullshit.

I skate over the rough brick, skirting the outer edge of the Pit. I figure that if I've gotta wait for Manny's sorry ass, at least I can work on my backside heelflips, but I'm having trouble getting any speed. Way back when I skated here often, I had big-ass rubbery 65mm Santa Cruz OJ's that ate up the cracked surface like it was nothing, but that was three years ago and times, like wheels, change. My 39mm rock-hard generic wheels are not having a fun time dealing with this terrain from hell. Eventually the rattling builds up enough pain in my ankles that I give up after three miserably failed attempts.

My knees creak as I sit down on a small unoccupied ledge near the newsstand. I examine my wheels, aghast at the gaping pits and cracks in the week-old urethane that just set me back

twenty-five bucks. The sharp brick has torn them to shreds. Mental note: one more reason not to come back here. As if I needed another.

Manny's been trying my patience recently but today is really starting to test our, well, our relationship I guess you'd call it. "C'mon, babe, don't be like that," he said. "I got some business to take care of, then I'll meet you in the Square at six."

"What business?
You're a fuckin' student,
Manny, you've got no job.
If you weren't sponsored you wouldn't even

have money to keep you in decks and wheels."

"I'm changin' that, okay? I got a job interview. C'mon, it'll be great, maybe now I can buy the Gatorade at Christy's, and maybe even take you out once in a while."

"We go out all the time."

"I don't mean skating, I mean out, you know, like to movies or something. Dinner. Something like that."

I wanted to tell him I didn't particularly want to go out to dinner or a movie, I just wanted to skate the boathouse. Today. Before it got too dark and too cold. But he was adamant on this job thing, so I skated the boathouse ledges by myself all afternoon. Used to be it didn't bother me to skate alone, but these days I just get bored. When Manny's there, for some reason I just land more tricks, I try new things. Today I stuck with old shit I've been doing for years and I still couldn't land anything. I

had one beautiful kickflip down the boathouse three, but no-one was there to see it. And now my sweat's

dry, my bearings have cooled, I've already downed my 32-oz Lemon Ice (stay away from that flavor, it's really gross), I'm sitting by the Pit, and I'm looking at the clocks and wondering if Manny's twenty-two, twenty-six, or thirty-one minutes late.

Waiting

a fiction

I glance over at the Pit itself. It doesn't look much different, even three years later. There are still old-school punks with green mohawks and DRI and CRASS painted on their studded leather jackets. Homeless people haven't changed their look much, either. Unfortunately homelessness is probably going to be in style for a good long time. The only real addition to the Pitmongers is the presence of the baggy-clothed raver wannabes, but man are there a lot of them. They all wear clothes like the skate clothes of two summers ago, like the clothes I'm wearing now. I have a sudden urge to trade in my giant pants and XXL Plan B t-shirt for anything else, even maybe the preppy sweater and reverse-fit Levi's on that Harvard student over there buying a VOGUE.

I can't believe Manny sometimes. "Ada, don't be like this." How does he expect me to be? Saturday's the only day we get to skate together now that school's started again. Nights I have homework, and I work on Sundays. He used to skate nights for video shoots, but that seems to have dried up recently, so why the hell doesn't he want to skate?

"Manny, c'mon. Can't you do this thing tomorrow? Boathouse. You'll love it."

"Babe, I've got to do this. And we've been at the boathouse for the last three weeks, it's getting old."

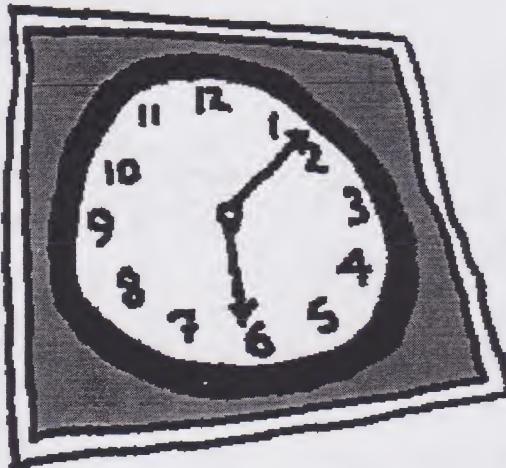
"What the hell are you talking about? You love the boathouse. Waxed ledges, three stairs, lots of flatground. That's your terrain, when you're not showing off. Too easy for you? We'll hit the Charles instead, there's handrails. Or Needle Park or something. Copley, Back Bay. Whatever."

"Look, I can't skate today. I'll meet you at six, what's the problem?"

"The problem is, at six it starts getting dark, and I hate skating in the dark."

"It won't be dark until seven. We'll have a good solid hour."

Yeah, I actually believed that. But the sun's going down now, and he's still



not here. I untie my hooded sweatshirt from around my waist and pull it over my head and arms. I leave the hood on, 'cause I'm starting to shiver. Manny's a dead man.

One of the ravers mistakes me for one of her brainless crowd. "Hey, girlfriend, wanna buy anything? I got everything. You name it."

Who the hell says 'girlfriend'? She's heavyset, very pale. Her eyes look dead. She's maybe sixteen but she has wrinkles. Wearing Fresh Jive clothes and platform sneakers. Talk about a caricature. I met a raver last summer who was totally clean, she said she never even drank caffeine; she said the rave scene wasn't about drugs, it was about dancing. I never understood that very well, and I'm understanding it even less right now. I flash her the X's on my hands and say, "No thanks."

She looks at me kinda funny for a second, then walks back to her crowd and lights up a cigarette. I see her say something to them, and then they all glance at me and laugh. Ravers bagging on straight-edge again, old news.

I'm sitting with my eyes closed, listening to the sounds of a blues band across the street mix with the strains of the reggae guitarist down the block. I'm thinking about 360-flips when a hand on my shoulder makes me jump. It's Bhagavat, a Krishna devotee I met when I crashed at the temple for a week when I ran away from home last year.

"Christ, Bhagavat, don't do that!"

"Sorry, Ada. You shouldn't be so tense. I can tell you haven't been chanting." He smiles at me. I like him because he respects the fact that I don't buy his religion, and he doesn't try to convert me. Plus, he's sarcastic, and I love that. From what I can tell, he's not the greatest devotee by the temple's standards, but he's an okay person in my book.

"Of course I have, silly. Every day, after I render full service to my husband because his brain is physically twice the size of mine." The big problem



I have with Krishna Consciousness is the rampant misogyny. He keeps on smiling. I often wonder how much of that men-are-superior crap he really believes. He really doesn't act like an asshole.

"So what are you doing down here? Polluting your body again?" I can always tell when he's only pretending to be joking.

"Nope, just tormenting my mind. Waiting for a friend."

"Well, I don't need to tell you to stay away from the stuff those guys are doing. Given up meat yet?"

"Yes, dad. And dairy, too, which is more than I can say for you."

"Ha. Well good for you. Listen, I've gotta get back to spreading the word. I can't waste time on a lost cause such as yourself. I don't suppose you want to make a donation to the nice people who let you stay at their place?"

"Well, I've read all your books, and I don't know, Bhagavat. How do I know you won't use my cash to repress more women? I think I'll pass."

"Understood. Hey, I'm heading up to the Gita Nigari farm in a week, I'll tell you what: I'll hug some cows for you if you promise not to go back to smoking that stuff, okay?"

"You got a deal." Like I need an enticement. He runs past me, a flurry of saffron hurtling towards a pack of suited businessmen. Who wears suits on Saturday night? These guys would be better off at the temple. At least the clothes are comfy.

With my welcome distraction now peddling books with pretty pictures, my mind returned to Manny. Why did he tell me to meet him in the Pit? Why not the boathouse? We'd just be heading back there anyway.

One of my girlfriend's ravers is still looking at me. I recognize him from school, and the past. I curse myself for making eye contact, because now he gets up and heads on over. Just what I need. Where the hell is Manny?



"Hi, Ada." He looks older than I know he is. It's all those cigarettes, probably. Or worse.

"Hi."

"I thought it was you. Haven't seen you here for a while."

"Nope." I'm not feeling quite up to this.

"You used to come here every day."

"I used to get stoned everyday." I'm playing with one wheel, spinning it, listening to the whiz of the bearings, watching the spirals I scrawled on the side swirl like a whirlpool.

"True." He takes a drag on his Marlboro.

We look at each other for an awkward eight seconds. I'm trying to look standoffish, but he just looks interested. I feel like a butterfly pinned to a card.

"What's with the X's?"

"What do you mean?"

"You're not straight-edge." It was actually a question.

"Yup. Nine months now." I'm still shivering. From the cold. He looks doubtful.

"Why?"

I shrug. "Because it feels right." I look around. Everyone I see (except Bhagavat, who has cornered a tourist and is waving a copy of *The Higher Taste* in his face) is smoking something or staring into the darkening sky. I just want to leave.

"So what brings you back here?"

What's with the small talk? Is he hitting on me? "Waiting for someone." I'm considering hitting Stuffits for a sandwich. It's 6:54 (or 6:58 or 7:03) and I haven't eaten since breakfast. Can I grab something to go and get back in time to catch Manny? Maybe. But maybe not.

"Hey Roger, could you do me a favor, for old times' sake? I'm hella starved

and I'm gonna run for a bite. If you see Manny show up, can you tell him to wait for me? I won't be gone ten minutes." I wonder if Roger gives a shit about me meeting Manny. Still, it's better than bailing without a trace, and even if Roger doesn't bother, Manny will probably wait, or he'll hit the boathouse. Then again, it's now almost totally dark out.

"Manny? Sure. He should be here any minute now, though."

"What?" I was about to describe him to Roger. I didn't think he'd remember him.

"Yeah. When I saw him at Copley at about five, he said he'd be here around seven or so."

"What was he doing at Copley?"

"Just hanging out with us. He showed up around two and we sat and watched the locals skate the fountain."

Job interview my ass.

"Roger, are you sure it was Manny? Short black hair, scab on his forehead?" Manny bailed on a six-stair backside kickflip last week and took some skin off his skull.

"Yeah, of course I'm sure. He's been hanging out here most weeknights."

Great. "Why wasn't he skating the fountain with the locals?"

"He didn't have his board with him. Just as well, he was pretty baked." Roger was enjoying this, I could tell. Should I believe him? Or was he just fucking with my head? Roger's one of the people I could never intimidate, plus he's smart. Well, aside from his penchant for putting crap in his system. But he could easily have been trying to make me squirm. If so, he was succeeding.

Manny, too baked to skate. Manny's the guy who inspired me to go straight-edge in the first place. He's the one who put me on a board for a laugh and then was stoked that I liked it too much to give it up. When I found I couldn't skate while stoned, I chose skating over sitting and staring for five hours at a time.

"So Ada, should I just tell him to wait?"

"Yeah, Roger, you do that. He can just wait." I hop on my board and skate away from him, towards Brattle Square and Stuffits. About a block down, I stop and climb up on the benches in front of Warburton's. I stand there, shivering, for ten more minutes, watching the people leaving the subway back at the Pit. I'm about to give up when I see Manny step off the escalator.

He looks around at the collection of people, trying to pick my features out of the crowd, which is thickening by the minute. Then I see Roger come up to him. Soul handshake. Smiles all round. And then I notice that Manny doesn't have his board.

An hour and a half late, and no board. I'd never known Roger to lie. Everything now happens in slow motion.

I watch Manny and Roger sit down and start talking. They laugh. I see Roger get up with his crew of ravers, banding together like frightened rats. I see them all asking Manny if he wants to go with them. I see Manny pause, and then reluctantly shake his head. The ravers hit the subway and don't look back. Roger sits alone, looking up at the three clocks. Occasionally he looks around for my face. That's it, Manny, keep waiting.

I head off to Stuffits, grab a lentil-and-brown-rice (hold the swiss) to go, and check on Manny's progress just before I head into the Brattle Square subway entrance, taking care that he can't see me. He's still sitting there, shivering in his purple short-sleeve t-shirt, looking at the clocks. Bhagavat comes over to him and starts waving books in his face. I chuckle and hop on the escalator. Sic 'im, boy.

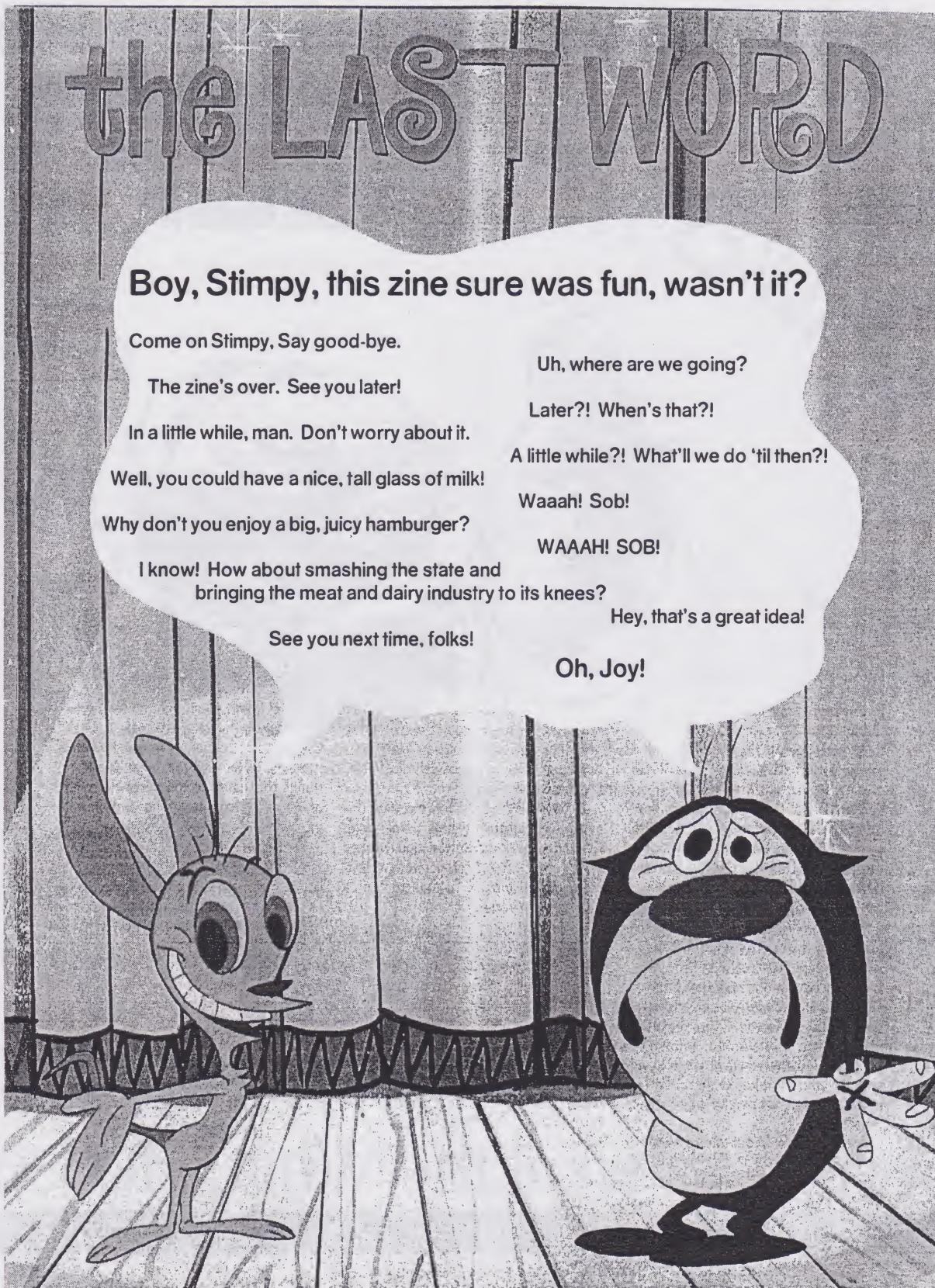
I eat the sandwich on the train as I ride home. I really like their tahini sauce.

Keep waiting, Manny.

01994 JMM

**That's all she wrote, folks! See you next time!
Remember, write us, we like hearing from you:**

**HAPPY MEAL
c/o Katie & Jack
16 Evergreen Square, #3
Somerville, MA 02143-2323**



Happy Meal Issue Two • Fall 1994

Within Ye Shall Find:

LIFETIME ☺ Show Cancellations ☺ Recipes ☺ Tulsa ☺ Holidays with the Folks and How To Deal ☺ Contest Results! ☺ Why John Robbins is Cool ☺ Obie's Cookie Jar ☺ Fiction ☺ The Worst Show of the Summer ☺ Bad Habits ☺ Reviews ☺ Nobody Here But Us Vegans, Going Off...

WHERE'S THE BEEF?



Veggie burgers sprouting up all over — even at the White House

REJECTED

INSPECTED BY HM

QTY

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